The Bancroft Library

University of California • Berkeley

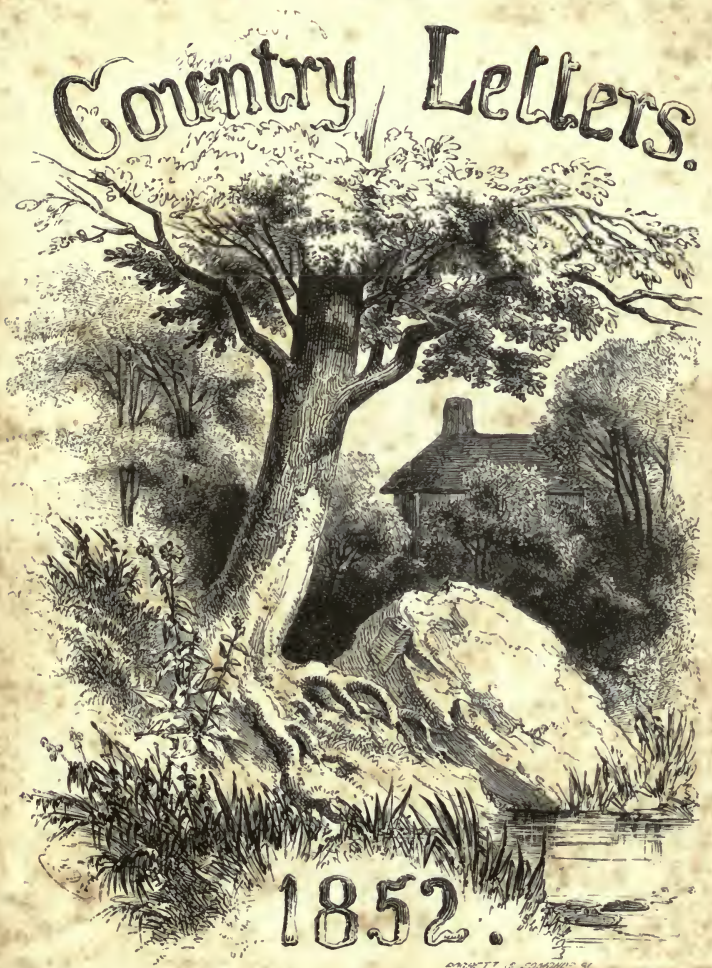
1st ed
Wright 1666

Mark H Beecher

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/upcountryletters00mansrich

UP Country Letters.



1852.

UP-COUNTRY LETTERS:

EDITED BY

PROF. B———, National Observatory.

———— Time driveth onward fast:
And in a little while, our lips are dumb.
LOTOS EATERS.

NEW-YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, 200 BROADWAY,
AND 16 LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON.
1852.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by

D. APPLETON & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York.

JOHN F. TROW,
PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER,
49 Ann-Street.

Editorial.

Dear Reader:

It is scarcely necessary to repeat to you the some-time discussions which have been had in regard to the publication of these letters. Time, in giving them a certain perspective, has also removed any unpleasant doubt as to the propriety of showing them to whoever will care to read. A friend suggests that they should be called "Up-Sky Letters," and when you come upon a page which offers you no special point or purport, it may be charitable to read it as "up-sky," keeping your sky,—for tone's sake,—over the Up-Country.

A few passages in a letter of late date from Pundison House, may be pertinent. I give the following:

CONTENTS.

Summer.

		PAGE.
I.	ISRAEL ——: AND THE MAN IN THE OBSERVATORY..	18
II.	PROPOSALS,.....	19
III.	PUNDISON HOUSE,.....	23
IV.	UP-COUNTRY SUNDAY,.....	28
V.	MONDAY MORNING,.....	38
VI.	MONDAY EVENING,.....	44
	THE LONG HOUSE,.....	47
VII.	THE PUNDISON DOGS,.....	52
VIII.	DRIVE TO THE BRYARS'	57
	THE LATE DR. ——,.....	62
IX.	SUNDAY NIGHT,.....	69
X.	FRANK,.....	76
XI.	T. AND THE RECTOR,.....	80
XII.	MIDSUMMER,.....	84
XIII.	THE STORM,.....	87
XIV.	FRANK AND MR. P. RIVERIZING,.....	90
XV.	SUMMER WEATHER,.....	95
XVI.	"THANKSGIVING" BY FRANK, ...	97
XVII.	THE HAMMOCK AND THE PLACER,.....	102

PAGE.

XVIII. The Sea-Side, ... 105

Letter from Frank in the City. The Rum-Breather, ... 107

Letter from Frank in the City. The Birth-Day, ... 111

Autumn.

I. The Dark Days, ... 117

Postscript. Arrival of Tidy, ... 119

II. Pundison House in November, ... 122

III. Burglars: Kate and Bob, ... 127

IV. The Last of November, ... 132

Winter.

I. Method at Pundison House. Laws and Regulations. 141

II. Feet-Pounding: Star-Catching, ... 147

III. Tib and Good-Bye to Jenny, ... 152

IV. Talk with the Professor, ... 158

V. T.: Joy: Lady Miriam, ... 164

VI. News from Frank, ... 169

VII. Frank's Log-Book I., ... 172

VIII. Thanksgiving, ... 183

IX. Frank's Log—II., ... 194

X. Lady Miriam's Visit, ... 203

XI. Sunday Night Speculations, ... 209

XII. Frank's Log—III, ... 213

XIII. Singing "China," 224

PAGE.

XIV. New-Year's Day, '51,..... 238
XV. Protest,..... 243
XVI. Biz: Bum,..... 246
XVII. Vulgarity of Health,..... 249
XVIII Neuralgia,..... 253
XIX. The Old Clock,..... 258
XX. Tidy,..... 263
XXI. The Tibling,..... 267
XXII. The Late Morning,..... 271
XXIII. Mr. Pundison's Grandfather,..... 276
XXIV. The Old Connecticut Sunday,..... 282
XXV. Visit to Lady M. on the Mountain,..... 290
XXVI. Drive Slow,..... 302

Spring.

I. Spring,..... 309
Letter from Frank at Paris,..... 310
Do. Do. Do. 314
II. His Arrival Home,..... 316
His Good-Bye,..... 318
III. His Departure,..... 321
IV. The Morning After,..... 323
V. The Funeral..... 325
VI. Addio,..... 330

Summer.

UP-COUNTRY LETTERS.

I.

Israel ——, and the Professor.

Fundison House, Up-Country,
June —, 1850.

Dear Prof.:—Have you any friend whose presence is as a cordial to you—a tonic—a fortifier; who builds great walls about you against the enemy; who lifts you when you fall, and strengthens your knee-joints; who is as a mountain against all moral north-easters and unexplainable calamities; who brings to you always calm weather?

Such a friend I had last winter, whom I had not seen or heard from during the last fifteen years. Hearing that he was in these parts, I besought him to come up and compare notes. I did this not without some fear and trembling, that I should not see

my old acquaintance, but only certain ruins, as it were, and distant hints of what had been. I said to myself, some one will knock and I shall open the door, and seeing a tall strange-looking man, I shall not know my old friend. But it was not so. I did open the door, and put eyes upon the undoubted Israel. It was he, or, if you please, it was him, and I was I; so at least he was pleased to intimate.

Looking sharply upon him, came back to my memory that same strange and slightly quizzical look, now so sharp and well-defined, then only shadowed forth in his boy-features. Then the boy, now the man. And it was pleasant to find a man who has decided that two and two are four; who has no scrupulous doubts that three times five are fifteen! A man of facts and opinions, and principles, and not of fragments of such, which make up the composition of most people in these wise days.

Ah, how we did talk, sir! all day and all the long evening, we ceased not till the week was gone, Outdoors the air was keen as a two-edged sword, so we piled on the wood and the anthracite and talked, Don't speak of eating and drinking, sir, to a man who is hungry for a talk. Remind us of no common appetites. My friend Israel and I are having

a talk—say rather an illumination; a bonfire, into which we throw all old prejudices and roots of error and get at the mere common sense of things,—the simple statement—the original announcement—the base of the pyramid.

Like yourself, my friend is a Professor. He expounds the mathematics, and so forth, in —— College, in one of the great States of the West. Only for this, and his wife and young Israels, I would have kept him: I would have enacted a higher law that he should stay in these parts for the rest of his days. My friend seemed built for years of rough-and-tumbling; at least, more so than myself. His temperament also favors him. His calm weather will be to him as a score, at least. May he live as long as he desires, and find fair weather whenever he travels. We did the best we could to keep him; gave him our room, and retired ourselves to the north room. I did not dislike the change. The windows look north and east, and the sunrise came blazing in every morning in a way that was delightful. I remarked also to Mrs. P. that our advantages in seeing northern lights in that room, would be very great. Like the sunrise, the north star looked directly upon us.

Being slightly given to questionable wanderings in speculative matters, it was pleasant to feel my friend

pulling at my coat-tail occasionally, to get me down in a safer and healthier air. It's of no use, he would say, pleasantly, you will only get lost and have infinite trouble and path-searching to get home again. You will drop down in the night in a strange country, and somebody perhaps, bringing a hasty candle to your balloon, will blow you up. Stay at home, sir, and be content, and when you have an impossible question, ask your dog Rover, and he will give you as good a reply as you will get from anybody. Some things are, whether we understand them, or not. And some are evil and some are good. Choose the one and let alone the other. In this, you have the whole matter.

The Professor did not confine himself to me, but made friends of the whole house. Although he is congregational, as it is called, in his religious opinions, I found Mrs. P. getting quite partial to him. Not that she liked his dogmas, but it was so charming to find a man who has dogmas and defends them.

Parson ——, from the *Full Moon*, a village on our borders—called here soon after the Professor arrived, and they talked up all manner of matters, theological and professional. Being at the hour when I usually nap, I subsided gently for a space, and slept while they mutualized. A few days afterwards I drove the Professor down to the

village to return his visit. We fortunately found the minister in his study again, and it being my nap-hour, and the reaction from the drive being in fact, irresistible, I took another—and I will say a very grand—snooze, in the minister's rocker. As I partially waked, now and then, I heard them pounding and expounding upon the old divines, and Princeton and Princeton affairs, and I slept perhaps with more than my usual satisfaction, from knowing that upon those hard and knotty points, I should have been as a child before them. We came home through an atmosphere as sharp as needles,—in the last rays of a brilliant sunset,—and the next day my friend went down into *Tac Hatterac*, promising to return again; but now I am sitting with windows open in this blushing month of June, and my friend comes not. He has gone home, long ago, by the southern route, and is all absorbed in his mathematics and young Israels.

My dear Professor, you see now my position. I am *distrait*—from this loss. Where, now, shall I find some one who will be to me as this Israel?

Exploring about the country, I pause over your observatory; and, as near the sky as is possible in that building, I behold a stoutish man, black-eyed as the midnight, who is sitting in a jockey-chair, on a circular

railroad, wheeling himself silently here and there, or spying through a tube, among the stars and other spots of the universe. A man whose only dealing is with facts. Ah, my dear B——, you are the man for me. Home, from cruising about the world, I apprehend, my old friend, that you are my fixed fact. Be this prop to me, Professor. Surround me as a mountain. You are precisely in the condition in which the Dominie was to me —in that we have not seen each other for these many years. Let *us*, also, compare notes. Let us sit down at these magnificent distances, you with your cigar, and I with my Souchong, and be a committee of one, in each place, to decide upon matters and things in general. Shall it be so? Yours, Z. P.

II.

Proposals.

June, 1850.

If you accept my proposition, sir, I shall count upon your being a man of nerve; for I revolve through a variety of moods. I am this, to-day; that, to-morrow; and the other thing next week; that is to say, strong, or weak, or indifferently stupid, as the weather and my physical condition permit. Have you the courage to face such an announcement; for, if not, we had best come to a quick conclusion. But one thing, as it seems to me, you may count upon with some certainty: that we do get the virtue of the sunshine and the rain, and the blue sky (leaving the stars out), better than do you in town, and upon them we can always report.

And a man who is so busy with the sky, must have some interest in knowing how it looks elsewhere in the world, what storms are coming up, and what chances

we have of a fair to-morrow. Now that you have come home from wandering about the world, and we are both housed, for some little time at least, it will not be like sending letters off, as heretofore, to the South Seas, or wherever your ship might be dashing the spray. Your last letters from Malta and Algiers are already obsolete. It is pleasant to know that what I send you will not need to get stale from mere travel; and I shall expect from you, sir, the freshest and brightest of all the starry news.

We have a few friends here and there, in this world and the old, who are in the habit of sending us an occasional "Good morning." Once in six months or so, we look about to see if any are missing, sending out the usual inquiry, and if we get an "All's well," we make but little pause, and plunge on in the great stream of life. By and by, as we so look about us, one and another are gone. There comes no reply; but a few lines from a friend of our friend will tell us that he has finished his correspondence here: his hand is palsied: it is dust.

I propose, Professor, that we shall exchange a few words oftener than this six months' questioning; and if your leisure will not permit you to reply to me always, I will, at least, have the satisfaction of saying my say. I shall

prose sometimes; oftener, perhaps, I shall preach; but this I beg you to consider as a mere habit of talking to myself; for, doubtless, we have an affair of some importance on hand—that is to say—in getting ready for the next stage of life: the next and last administration of affairs.

We purpose, for the present, a life of quiet and repose; we can get the sunshine here as well as in New-York or London, and better too. It is enough. Any thing more than this, and bread and meat, is—nonsense.

I do not say that our sister Tidy will be wholly content with this plain fare. She may be looking for a dash of "nonsense."

Youth should be crowned with hope, unless it has already found a happy resting-place in its own indwelling joy; and it may be that to our sister the mornings and evenings may even now roll by all as on golden wheels. I have a suspicion that this is so, in all its fulness and beauty, but almost tremble to utter a word as to what may be in her future. Our friend Frank may know, but, as yet, I doubt if he has whispered the thought even to his own soul.

But of further travel we have no need. It is pronounced on all sides that the pause we have now made

is a happy one; at the longest, it will be to me, at least, but short. Let us use these last days in calmness, to get ready for the great journey.

We can send our thought to England or the North Pole, and that is as good as to go there, and saves trouble and wear and tear. Nature has decked herself pleasantly, to keep people at home and by their own fire-sides. They are nearer heaven there than elsewhere —is it not so, my old friend?—and more likely to reach heaven at last. Home, home; where is it, in London or Paris? Who cares to see you there? Who comes down to meet you at breakfast? Who says "good night" to you, or gives you "the kiss for good morning?"

Good-bye, Professor, before I change from this tearful mood to one of wrath, at the memory of that smutty and smoky London; and let us thank the sweet heaven, my old friend, that instead of a fog-blanket, we have the "blue sky over all." Yours, Z. P.

III.

Pundison House.

June —, 1850.

It is morning again, and we have the doors and windows all wide open for another summer day. How are you, my star-gazer? How is it with you? Were you up all night in that round attic? Ah, what do you know of the sweet morning?

My friend Capt. ———, of Bugle Place, says the luxury of life is to read Bishop Berkley in the morning and play chess in the evening. I shall instead, write to the Professor.

Pray, what had Bishop Berkley to do with such real things as this pure air and light, such palpabilities, such royal, such happy matters of fact? Besides, all the world knows that when he, the Bishop, "said there was no matter, and proved it, it was no kind of matter what he said." Of course not. But I am willing, this

morning, to ignore all the world that is not wanted for our especial purposes. I am in the mood for this to-day.

> "Let us alone, let us alone,
> For in a little while our lips are dumb."

Ah, Professor, is it a sin in me to have made you this flourish, so as the more gently to announce to you, that this, at Pundison House, is our predominant mood; that our feeling to the great world is that of an everlasting good-bye,—that we say with the lotos-eaters, now that we have floated aside into this quiet up-country home,—let us alone—let us alone, we have had somewhat to do with each other and with sufficiently happy results; now let us part in peace; we will stop here, if you please, while you go on. Some day we may meet again, but let us make no promises. People upon the outer borders—outsiders all, addio, addio.

Surgit amari aliquid, say you? Oh no, Professor, a thousand times "no." But let us have one thing at a time.

In this new phase, and with the added lines of the last ten years, I wonder, sir, if you would know me? It would be strange if we should some day meet as strangers, and more strange if we should converse together and unwittingly get talking of old days and

by-gones, and mutual friends, and still not know each other.

I have told you that this place of our retreat is quiet and out of the great world. It has not the quiet, however, of that charming land of the lotos-eaters. We do not hear the solemn beat of the sea; there is no stream in the distance that seems to fall and pause along the cliffs, like a downward smoke: no gaps in the hills opening into inland vales, nor is it "always afternoon" with us. Good morning is my favorite salutation, whatever be the time of day. I do not like to acknowledge that the night is coming, much less that it has come. I like to make believe, at least, that it is still morning.

To my wife all things are just in the flush of sunrise and she carries the brilliance and freshness of morning wherever her glad countenance is seen.

I must tell you, my old friend, privately, that my timbers are giving way. I am getting into the afternoon of my days. I fancy I can almost look over into that land where my sun must set. But my wife insists upon it that we have a long summer day before us.

If it is only sunrise to my wife, to her sister Tidy, who sits half the time dreaming under the maples, it is not yet more than day-break; it is that calm hour, when every thing is looking for, and expecting the day,

which is flashing brilliantly just over the mountains, but is not yet arrived. But will it arrive? Doubtless. Just over the mountains—so near; the morning, the day so near! and will it be under this firmament, or in another and higher one "eternal in the heavens?" Ah, my child, all our mornings are with God.

You will remember my father; but it must be many years since you have seen him. Although past his threescore and ten, will you wonder if I say to you, that I sometimes think it is more "morning" with him than with any of us. Certainly he is stronger and heartier than I am; and with more than twice my years, I do believe there is more youth at his heart than there is at mine.

When you get your furlough, my old friend, you must take us on your way home. You shall come in then some Sunday night and hear us all singing our old-fashioned tunes. It will carry you back to old Connecticut. Tunes which my father will tell you he heard at Milford, or Danbury, or New Haven, more than forty years ago; and, perhaps he will add who it was preached on the occasion—Dr. Bellamy, or Backus, or may be, the famous Dr. Dwight.

We are a little aside from thoroughfares, but accessible, and within hearing of the outer world, i. e., the buzz

of it, as in the rail trains that come up within a mile of us, and go off sputtering and screaming among the hills, carrying a blue smoke all along that sky.

Also, we see in the distance, spires going up here and there; and in the south and east, of a Sunday morning, there are not less than a half dozen bells whose sweet tones come up and pass on, or float and mingle about us. Just in the rear of the house, and from our upper rooms, we look down upon rapids that go galloping away on either hand, and always by listening, we hear the low sound of a not distant cataract.

Good night, Professor; I began this letter in the morning, but now "the dark is over all," and the week draws to its close. It is Saturday night.

Addio, Z. P.

IV.

Up-Country Sunday.

June, 1850.

Blessed be this day for ever and always—in all places of the habitation of whatsoever hath tongue with which to rejoice and a heart to be glad with.

But there is a difference in Sundays. A Sunday in old Connecticut, in those sheltered towns among the mountains is different, oh how widely, from the Sunday in this broad-featured state of New-York. But even here it is a holy day.

Early in the morning every one has put on the distinguishing look of Sunday; a look which has great variations. In my father's face it is severe and inflexible. Having shaved on Saturday, he appears by no means later this morning than his usual hour, and always in a ruffle shirt, white cravat, and a shirt-collar so high and firm, that to look on either side he is obliged

to turn himself carefully around to that quarter. As my father seldom removes his hat, he changes his old one on Sundays when he feels quite well, for one that is comparatively fresh and new, but worn however with entire ease.

Having breakfasted by candle-light, the day begins early with him. By eight o'clock he is seated in his big chair before his comfortable fire, reading the New-York ———,—but Scott's Commentaries is usually seen on the sofa—the old folio loose sheets which have never been bound—and Dwight's sermons, with perhaps the life of Newton.

I have said that his look is severe, but it is only so in the presence of others. It is as much as to say, "Do you know, sir, that this is the Sabbath! Let me hear no idle talk, but reflect, sir, that you are in the presence of the King of Kings."

But when the house is all still and deserted, and he is left alone with his Bible and his far-travelling thoughts —the dogs perhaps stretched at his feet, and no sound any where but the picking of a mouse in the cupboard, or the creak of a door, in some distant and silent chamber—then it is, in his unconscious moments, there is to be seen upon his face, a sunny look of peace and calmness, and lordly hope, which takes at least twenty years

from his life. Disturb him not then, for he is looking over into that land where he must shortly go. He is communing with the happy dead. From his earliest years, his companions have been going away one by one, till now he has passed his threescore and ten, and is left alone, while they—have been silently gathered into the Kingdom of Christ. All the years, as they roll by, pause upon that shore:—all the kind wishes—all the prayers, all the aspirations of a long life, they have gone on to that blessed land. Ah, sir, it is not sleep which keeps him so still and calm, but a true vision of the life to come.

In what a noiseless way is every thing done this calm morning. The women go about whispering and the loudest break upon the stillness is Bob brushing shoes on the south piazza.

It is on this day, that my wife has her happiest look. Always of a Sunday, she is a little picture of peace and joy and thanksgiving. She delights in the day—in all its duties and services, as a bird does in song; it is her life, her garden enclosed. All the week is perfumed, as it were, with her Sunday. Prayer and praise are the proper elements of this day, but these are so common to her at all times, that Sunday seems to be for her especial benefit—that so she might enjoy herself this day after

her own heart; it is thus to her a day of gladness. You will understand how it is, when I tell you that if, having a friend with us to dinner on Sunday, as, say Frank Bryars, or the celebrated———, who so abuses my Claude, I say, you will perceive that if on such an occasion, I produce a small bottle of champagne, my wife makes never the slightest objection. She has some little ways on Sunday which are peculiar to the day. As for instance: I am brushed that morning with a searching exactness, and however carefully I may have arranged my hair, it must always receive one more touch from her gentle hand. She is herself complete and perfect for the day at about ten o'clock and ten minutes: She then appears in a dress, about which I never remember any thing except its entire fitness for the day, and for my wife. She has the rare gift of so wearing things as to make much of little. A collar, for instance, which upon some women would be unsightly and noticeable as such, is to her all neatness and propriety. To enter church one moment after the service begins, is a small horror, which she always avoids if possible. We start therefore, betimes, and if I am well enough she delights to take my arm, and so walk as true and loving husband and wife up to the very door of the church. There she relinquishes the arm: she leaves me there,—she enters another presence.

Our walk across the Shag-Bark and up into the village, (for we are wholly aside from the world,) uses up our fifteen or twenty minutes, especially if my wife has to stop once or twice to balance my hat straight on my head, it having a habit of canting slightly even on Sunday. If we are quite late, she often leaves me on the bridge and walks on faster than my slow gait will carry me, but it is only to return after a little and take my arm again. This does not hasten matters at all, but it eases her impatience, if it is not improper to apply such a word to her on this quiet day. With one or two little episodes of this character, we at last reach the church door together, and not seldom with a brilliance of complexion on her part, which looks on her pure face, almost like sin. When I wish to please her particularly, I put on, not without great effort, my black gloves. I seldom wear gloves. They are sticky things unless the weather is cold, and then give me mittens. Notwithstanding all my efforts at economy, my wife has prevailed upon me to get a new overcoat, and now instead of my old gray, which was inexpressibly dear to me for having warmed me for three winters and in various lands, and for having cost me only six dollars in the beginning,—now I appear in a thing which is well enough, I suppose, but dismally bran-new. With this coat and my black

gloves, they tell me I am renewing my youth. I only feel that I have parted from a true friend.

But now, sir, listen to that sweet chant, "Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me, praise his Holy name." And the "Gloria Patri"—how like a solemn amen does it seem always to these songs of praise.

The morning service, as you know, is pretty long, except when divided, as it very properly is in some churches. Unless I am feeling quite well, I am seldom able to follow through the whole service. Not unlikely the church itself is felt as a restraint upon me—not so much the walls and the roof as the narrow slip in which I am shut: continually, perhaps, I am changing about and getting new postures—and none of them happy ones—none satisfactory: if this is done it is involuntary and without argument. It is like tossing in dreams at night, of which, at the time, we know nothing. But, in regard to the music, I am myself conscious of swaying about somewhat, emphasizing it, as it were, and timing the whole proceeding. Mrs. P. has told me that in reading passages of great force in the Psalter, I have a habit of shaking my head, as much as to say, "That is very great." This may be, and I reply to her, that perhaps, if I was to look about I should find others, also, with as curious little ways and habits.

We get on, at last, to the sermon; but even here, and always attractive as are our rector's sermons, I am not seldom seized with sudden abstractions, which carry me off swiftly, but noiselessly, as a chip is lifted by small whirlwinds in summer weather; and, in a moment, I forget utterly the little church, and the rector, and the holy day. At this time, and while drumming perhaps in a lively manner on the pew-door, I am gently restored by a light pressure on my right foot. This is my wife's doings—she being strictly educated to think that drumming on a pew-door is an improper proceeding: a point which I never argue, but sometimes think I more than make up for this, by the severe and unremitting attention which I bestow upon the rest of the sermon.

I have said that the morning service seems long to me. It may be partly because I was born and bred in a different faith; or rather, I mean not that, but a different manner of worship. But it is not this altogether, for the afternoon prayers are perfectly enchanting, if it is proper to apply such a word to prayer. If they do not leave with me "the peace which passeth all understanding," then am I bitterly deceived. But, so far as emotion is concerned, some old-fashioned tune will be more heart-touching to me, than any prayer which ever fell

from the lips of mortal man; for song says that which words cannot say, and it ascends into Heaven, which is its home and its continual abiding-place for ever.

Our clergyman is almost a perfect pattern of a country rector; so, at least, we think, who have had varieties, and have some ground for this, our present liking. His preaching would never draw crowds, but always gathers together a little circle who know how to appreciate good things. His sermons are like little cabinet pictures, exceedingly well designed, and perfect as a poem from first to last. I do profess to have some taste for a good thing, sir; and, I assure you, this modest man has a rare gift of preaching, which would delight you to hear. I come back to our plain church and our plain clergyman, after our little airings about the country, where we have heard, perhaps, the celebrated Mr. "*Wideawake*," or the notorious—I mean the illustrious —Mr. "*New Jerusalem*,"—I return to our quiet ways and old-fashioned associations, precisely as after stimulants, I would seek out, with what thankfulness, the cool spring by the way-side, and the shade of the old oak tree.

Stir me up with no long pole, sir, on this subject; but give me rest and peace. Do not these breaking bones, and throbbing temples, and the long nights of

weariness, tell me my sin sufficiently, I ask you? Is there any one in the broad land who has more need to ask for God's deliverance "in all time of our tribulation, in all time of our prosperity, in the hour of death and in the day of judgment?"

By the time we reach home, Kate, who goes to her church earlier, and gets home by eleven o'clock, has wheeled out the little round table, and there is already the cheerfulness of dinner—a Sunday dinner—plain and unpretending—always to be partaken of with a modest temperance, to keep open eyes for the afternoon sermon. As we pass through my father's sitting-room—the front of the house being all barred and bolted—he asks the question, "Where's the text?" And if some one cannot produce the text, he concludes we have been to church to very little purpose.

I seldom get out in the afternoon. As seldom does my wife stay at home. Whether it rain or shine, or hail or snow, the performance must be very spirited if it keeps her from the afternoon service. My father and myself take our usual naps; but not as long, if possible, on Sundays as on other days. About two o'clock we exchange papers. I give him some church paper; for which, by the way, it is easy to see that he has but small regard, and receive from him the New-York —-

——. Its readable articles—and they are many—I find marked by him with red chalk, for my especial notice in part, and in part for the benefit of friends a long way off, to whom the paper is always sent, after it has been thoroughly exhausted at home.

So goes away, with the richness and silentness of blessing, our Up-country Sunday; and then comes twilight—of all its hours, the most serene and holy—and the day is gone. Up into Heaven, with the thousands which have gone before, it has ascended, and there sits in glory! Beautiful day, thou hast gone home to God: to God and the angels, and the mighty hosts gathered in that blessed land. Gone up to sit in glory for ever! Beautiful day, farewell!

V.

Monday Morning.

Did you ever know a Monday, sir, that had not something dashing in it? something *outré* or ultra, elate and hopeful, or urgent and distracting?

Time was when Monday and I were excellent friends; when rising at the peep of day, I began the week with a shout. Now, I have made friends with calmness and self-possession. I say to Mrs. P———, my dear wife, let us take life easily; joyful as you like, but gently, temperately.

But this morning—the day being of that brilliant and flashy character common to Monday—as we were all sitting about the round table, the lady astonished me with a most extraordinary proposition. On a day so beautiful, that to live and breathe should have been her utmost wish (as it was mine), she desired—she and

Tidy—to drive down to the market-garden with my mare Jenny! A mare, sir, which, though she has seen fifteen years, still insists upon rounding a corner like a whirlwind. They say she is so old and so gentle. Doubtless, she is high bred, she is gentleness itself, but —she has thrown me over her head more than forty times. I could point you now, sir, to the spots made memorable by those somersets. Beside, her nervous susceptibility (I do not call it timidity) is beyond their comprehension. By raising an umbrella before her, I can make her kneel before me and beg like a child.

Well, sir, imagine two women (say girls rather) behind such a horse, and suppose they have a corner to round, and are not thinking of her way of doing it; or suppose a trace slips off the hook going up hill—suppose a spring breaks—thunder and Mars, sir! suppose Jenny herself gets a little flighty? What would they do? what could they do? Why, sir, they would be utterly lost; their wits would fly to the four winds.

All this I submitted to them, but of what avail on a Monday morning? Talk to the north wind, but not to young girls bent upon a drive. Fortunately before the morning was quite ruined, Frank Bryars came in and offered to drive them down. Frank is not strong, but he knows Jenny, and no one understands

better than yourself, Professor, that a man who *knows* a horse can drive him with a tow-string.

They returned in great glee, just as Kate was getting out the table for dinner, and the crowing was very spirited. They had got this and that; had been here and there; and my wife had held the reins all the way.

"Why," said she, "didn't you see me drive up the yard?" "Oh, yes," I said; "and if Johnny had not been there to stop the mare, she would have walked straight into the barn, wagon, women, and all"—which was the fact.

But to return to the dinner; not mutton, but lamb-chops, juicy and tender as a pheasant; and for dessert, strawberries and cream—real cream, and strawberries picked this morning.

Nothing more, you observe, to spoil the dinner, as meats of any other kind—pastries, puddings, and the like—which are bad enough at any time, but with lamb-chops and strawberries, would be an utter profanation.

I mistake—there was an extra—a salad with a cream dressing. After dinner the dogs came in for their bones, bursting with laughter and short barks.

Tidy came out of her dream, and chatted as

sharply, as though she had never had a dream in her life. Frank was in his best mood, and my wife, what with the fine morning and the jarring of the wagon, looked as brilliant as a sunrise in the mountains. It was the look of one who had held the reins!

Directly after dinner we went out on the west piazza: a spot well shaded with pines and maples, and climbing vines; but not so dense as to be chilly, if the air happens to be lacking of that extreme warmth which, to invalids like Frank and myself, is so acceptable. Taking out easy chairs, we had the afternoon all before us. Birds were about in the branches, and the hum of noises going on in the meadows, and down by the river-side, was a complete music.

I had that delightful feeling of weariness which a dinner not too heavy will sometimes give to an invalid; and as it was my usual hour of napping, I began to recede from the actual world, and coast about on uncertain shores, coming back quite often to take a fresh start, and hear a word or two of the conversation. Rover, who imitates his master, and Pompey who imitates Rover, was spread out on his haunches, with his nose between his paws, now and then snapping indolently at flies and bumble-bees that floated that way. Frank stood leaning against the plum-tree, in a place com-

manding a view of the meadow and river below—a favorite look-out of his; while Tidy seated herself a little way apart, under a maple, and retired immediately into one of her pleasant reveries; waking occasionally with great earnestness to admire the plum-tree by the garden fence, which was now heavy with young fruit.

"We should have been back sooner," said Frank, returning to the piazza, "but I did not like to come by way of the Long House, and so we came around." I was nearly asleep, but remarked, with a good deal of emphasis, "Of course," and grasped again at my broken dream.

"Do you know," he continued, "do you know, Tidy—I mean Mr. Pundison—do you know why I always dodge that house?" and without waiting for an answer he went on; "it was about ten years ago—"

Again, I was nearly asleep; but hearing the words "ten years ago," I took them up mentally for a private examination. To grasp the whole subject was too overwhelming. "Ten years," I said to myself; "where was I ten years ago? and where were you, sir? and where was any body ten years ago? Why, sir, the idea is preposterous! Besides, you don't know the mare from Adam: she'll jostle you to pieces before you go ten

rods—that is, I mean, ten years—eh?—no, ten rods—ten years, ten rods, ten years—ten—te—t—"

Mr. Pundison was asleep. The Monday was too much for him. Good night, Professor. **Z. P.**

VI.

Monday Evening.

We slept:—Frank, the gentle people, the dogs, and myself. The thermometer, also, having found a happy mark at about 80, stood still all through the golden hours. But the world went on all the same, until by and by the sun made a tangling pause in the top of the great pine by the road-side; and, by that sign, it was five o'clock.

I was lying in a leather-backed chair, on the piazza, with my feet raised, and facing the northwest, when I emerged slowly, and began to interest myself—my head hanging well back—with the beautiful effect of the sunlight in the tops of the maples, and what light it was, and whether they were maples, or not rather some kind of immortal growth—so beautiful they looked—in some better land. But, lowering my gaze, I soon came

upon Frank Bryar's pale face, his hair floating about it, and himself fast asleep. Tidy was still under the maple, leaning back against it like a statue, and my wife, sitting in a little short-legged chair, by my side, was watching with a mischievous smile to see me come out of my dream. In-doors was a little clatter of tea-things, and presently a bell rang, and we all started up, and were seriously shocked at having napped to such an extent.

We took our tea about the round table—a table which I have the habit of mentioning so often, because of its exceeding beauty. It is slightly oval, and stands upon a single stem, which, at bottom, branches out quadrupally upon four castors. It is of black walnut, and has a certain happy look which distinguishes it at once from all other tables. My wife thinks so much of it, it is always the first thing she looks at on entering the room. All the afternoon she will sit dividing her attention between some fancy work and the round table. It was said, last winter, that Rover cured himself of a bad scald he got in the kitchen by coming in and looking at the table; and, I suppose, it is not to be doubted. One thing I witnessed myself, and can therefore vouch for, that Pompey got a bone in his throat by stopping to look at it—the table—while in the act of swallowing. This was when we had had it but a few days, and every

body was being enchanted with it. I will add, here, that Pompey got the bone out of his throat by coming back and taking another look! This, you know, is upon the principle of homœopathy.

As I said, we all took tea. No fancy cakes, you understand, or sweetmeats (distressing things); but sweet bread, and butter of pure gold, and a cup of black tea, sir, with cream! A high cup, with thick walls. Only to look at such a cup of hot souchong is pleasant. Artistically and prospectively it is a happy thing; but to imbibe—to make it a part of your curiously contrived nervous organization:—this, sir, is inspiration.

I once asked, over the round table, "What is the chief end of man?" My wife and Tidy making no response, and looking rather bewildered withal, I threw light upon the subject at once, by replying, "To drink black tea with cream!"

After tea we had a wood fire kindled in the grate—the air outside now getting cool—and gathering about it while the light glimmered about the room, I called upon Frank to go on with his story of the "Long House."

"It is not a story," said he, "but entirely a matter of fact, or, I assure you, I should not take the trouble to dodge that house so often as I do; but, observe, it is but a plain statement of a plain transaction."

"Speak clear and distinct," said my father, who had now taken a seat with us; "you have been to college, sir, and should know the importance of speaking clear and dis—tinctly." Frank bowed to my father, and continued the story. "*Louder*," said my father, "and let each word be fairly articulated. This was the rule, sir, at Morris Academy, more than forty years ago." How this concerned Tidy is beyond conjecture; but little confusions come upon her so strangely of late that I am tired of seeking for explanation. Frank continued—

"At the time I speak of—when I was a mere lad—the Long House had been recently built, and should have been occupied by a good class of tenants; but for some unaccountable reason, they were generally a pretty shabby set of people.

"There were four tenements, but they were sub-let, and instead of four families only, there were sometimes eight or ten; and as I had the collecting of the rents, I came in contact with nearly all of them; but I will only speak of the one at the corner occupied by a man of the name of Smith, who appeared to me to be an established loafer. His rent was always behind, and I never had the fortune to discover that he had any employment. I would find him usually hanging about the village, looking rather pale and miserable, but as it

seemed to me, also intolerably lazy. I was full of blood then, and had no more patience with such characters than your father, sir, has now. But there was something about this man which prevented my being at all harsh with him, for he never gave an ill-tempered reply, but always was expecting to get some money from some quarter, and he did hope he should not be disappointed in it. But it never came; and now of late he was not so well as he had been, and it was difficult for him to get that kind of work which he could do. He was troubled, I think he said, with chills and fever, but said not so much about his ills as he did about his plans and expectations, still hoping to bring up the rent pretty soon. But at last, matters getting desperate, he suggested that he could give me a bill of sale of his cow; a bill of sale was accordingly made out, and as the cow was worth some twenty dollars, it would cover the rent and leave a margin beside. On the whole I was rather satisfied with this arrangement; for the house, you observe, was not built exclusively for the comfort of its tenants, one especial object being that it should pay something back to the capitalist who built it. It was not my house; but, if I did the business, I must do it in a business way.

One bright sunny morning, after a long interval,

during which I had not called at the Long House, I thought I would look in and see if Smith was getting ready to take up the bill of sale. Knocking at his door, it was opened by his wife, a young woman, who would have been happy-looking, but for an expression of care and thoughtfulness, which is so common among married women of her class in life. But now I observed an unusual calmness in her features, as she replied to my question if her husband was at home, "Yes, walk in, sir," and stepping back into the room as I followed her, she pointed silently to the other side of the room. I was about to speak, when I was struck dumb at seeing where she pointed, her husband lying at full length in his winding-sheet. I looked about for a moment, and sat down in a perfect maze; none of us said a word. The dead man could not speak—neither could I—nor the wife. 'But now,' some voice suggested, 'is a very proper time, if you have any thing to say about that rent. He will not be harsh with you, Mr. Bryars—you can say what you like—you can do what you like now—he will make no objection. There is the cow, of which you have the bill of sale—you can drive her home if you like. I suppose the woman will have to starve herself to get a coffin for her husband; but *he* will not know any thing about it; for you see he is very still.'

"Something like this seemed to be whispered there in the minute that I staid, and the woman gave way and broke into tears and sobs that were more than I could witness. I stammered out something, and left the house, and I believe I have never darkened that door since."

There was a pause as Frank finished his account of the matter, and I said, "What did you do for the woman?" "Very little," said he. "I did what I could, gave up the bill of sale and the rent, of course, but I was not empowered to do any thing in such cases, and I had nothing myself. But think, sir, of calling for rent on a man in his winding-sheet!"

At this moment my father rose from his seat, and struck into the tune of St. Martin's at the very top of his voice, walking up and down the room in his way, and gesticulating with extraordinary vehemence. We all joined in, and St. Martin's was repeated until it shook the rafters;—so Kate said, who was up stairs at the time finishing her work.

After St. Martin's, came one or two other old Connecticut souvenirs, and we finished, as we do often, with "Denmark," and the *Gloria Patri*. "Good night," said Frank, as he started for home—"that last tune is as good as a tonic. Good night, good night, Tidy."

But Tidy, who was looking out one of the south windows, made no reply. "Tidy, said I, "Frank is saying good night to you." "Yes, I know," said she—"Good night," and continued looking out into the dark.

They are all gone now, and I am alone. But what was the meaning of those three round drops in her eyes? Ah, my friend, if I had not moods of my own sometimes, I should be a little provoked at these strange doings. Addio, Z. P.

VII.

The Pundison Dogs.

Have the kindness, Professor, to say to that person who reported the contemptible story about the Pundison dogs, that he is a slanderer and a ——! Fill up that blank as you please: you can put nothing too bad in it.

When any thing wicked is reported to me, I am in the habit of saying to my wife and Tidy—"Don't believe it: don't believe a word of it: wait until some professor has proved first, that it is possible, next, that it is probable,—and lastly, that it is true. And as to ourselves, let us believe we have many right good friends whom we have never seen or heard of; and that here and there about the world, many and many a good word is being said about us that we never hear." In this pleasant faith, sir, we live, day by day, but that story about our dogs,—I will speak to that.

Perhaps it may be assumed that we know something about those dogs: we raised them, as the phrase is, and their whole training has been under our own eyes. They are from the celebrated dog, GROWLIWITCH, now living a retired life on a farm over the river: a dog of great quickness of parts and the highest respectability. They were brought up in a sugar-box, near the barn, and their habits carefully looked into,—day by day. If they have ever turned from a fight, as in younger days they may have done, their quickness, now, in snuffing up any possible enemy is positively wonderful. I have a faint recollection of seeing Rover on the jump through the pasture with the old cow behind,—her tail high in the air,—but, sir, the cow was in a fury, and he was a puppy. Now, not a pin drops on the piazza but they give the alarm. So in their naps they are continually growling, being always engaged, you see, with the enemy.

Rover, in his puppyhood, had a habit of jumping through the window-glass in my father's room, landing on the south piazza, with his mouth full of barks, and caring nothing for bruises and cuts:—his only thought, —the enemy. The size of the glass (10 × 12), gives you the size of the dog. Then imagine the half of Rover, and you have Pompey. Whatever Rover does,

Pompey will do as far as he can; but their tempers are something diverse. The one, all exuberance and a hearty good-nature, laughing loudly upon the smallest pretext: the other shy and of a highly nervous organization. Rover is black and white, with feet like the feet of a leopard, and he steps as though he was proud of them. Pompey is of a rich gold color, and goes about rather daintily.

Every hot day we give them a plunging bath in a barrel of cold water. Strange to say, they don't like it; their impression evidently being that they are then approaching the climax of events. Escaping from their bath, it is Rover's way, exhausted and dripping as he is, and undecided whether to laugh or cry,—to cogitate upon the matter for about a minute under the big cedar then—exercise being the rule after a bath—he begins with a little trot and flourish about the yard, and at last disappears up the great north road at the top of his speed. He is gone for an hour or two in the up-country, and on his return it is always noticeable that he carries his tail very high, and laughs immoderately. His unconsciousness of the morning affair is very rich. Let it go now, he says, and say no more about it. But Pompey says nothing of the kind. He begins and ends the whole proceeding with continual barks and scratches.

He dies, or thinks he dies, at least five times before it is over: then gives himself a shake and starts on a race about the meadow, down and across, sideways and all ways: squares, circles and rhomboids, yelping and tumbling in the grass over and over, and still yelping, with his tail straight out like a scared colt. This, for a full half hour, after which he takes a nap in the grass, with one eye open, never forgetting the bath. It must be a tempting bone that will bring him nearer than the meadow fence for the rest of the day.

I have been at the trouble to tell you all this, sir, that you may see what slight grounds are sufficient for those who have the heart to build to themselves monuments of their own malice. Cowhide that—person—Professor, the first opportunity: or, if you choose to bring an action for slander, I will stand by you to the last dollar.

One thing more:—It has been said that although GROWLIWITCH continues to have puppies, she has never produced any such happy specimens as these firstlings, and therefore—and so forth and so forth.

Oh the judgments of this wicked world! Because my neighbor sins shockingly, therefore my virtue is good for nothing. The appearance of a good character,—proof of the contrary: in other words, all goodness is a

sham and a pretension, and the devil the only honest and plain spoken character. What a world it is!

Sir, who ever heard of a whole family of illustrious men? There are families of blackguards, but you will observe here, also, that some one will strike out and be a gentleman. Nature is always trying to restore herself: she is mostly in a bad way, but spares no efforts to come up.

Sometimes, after such efforts, the results are brilliant to a high degree,—and such, sir, are the Pundison Dogs. Yours, Z. P.

VIII.

Drive to the Bryars'.

Up-Country, June, 1850.

Our days roll so smoothly, sir, that we have not much incident to report. A walk with the dogs: a newspaper in the hammock: a nap on the piazza, followed by black tea with cream—and the day is gone. Occasional ripples on this smooth flow of time are our only outside recreations.

I was this morning looking through the open window at the bobolinks balancing on the long grass in the meadows, and into (like-beautiful things) the deep mosses of Hawthorne, when I heard my name called from an upper window. It was my wife.

"Zariar," said the voice. (Zariar is soft for Zachariah, as T. is for Thankful.) "Zariar! Mr. Pundison!" "Eh! what!" said I. "Do you know we are to go to Frank Bryars' to tea to-night?" "Yes," I replied;

"and what more?" "Nothing—only don't walk off and forget all about it."

Directly after this, I heard her voice winding in low tones through the morning chant, stopping for a moment to adjust something in the room, and then going on again, up and down and all about through the sweet music, like the talk of a brook heard in the pauses of the wind, or like the bobolink balancing and singing a little song—then down in the grass to chatter and dig about, and up again for another mouthful of praise.

I turned to Mr. Hawthorne, and read the same page up and down six times without taking a thought. "I wonder now—(I was talking to myself)—"I wonder if I do wander away in that fashion? Have we got in that dilapidated condition, Mr. Pundison, that we do not really know whether we are in the body or out of the body?" And I mused for a little space, arguing the point: presently a neuralgic shock decided that we were in the body. "But are we a little *distrait*, sometimes? Is it the fact? Is it probable—say, rather, is it possible? Ah, well—Tidy will know—we will ask Tidy."

The dogs would have been on my side—they would have taken oath that I was entirely regular; but in the uncertainty, I staid under the maples all the morning,

venturing about cautiously, lest my vagrant habits might be plotting to win me away.

At last the sun began to slant about among the trees, and sprawl the shadows in such a large way that we began to think of starting for the Bryars'. The women had been waiting for it to be time to go, and now they had waited rather too long, and it was getting late.

But John was soon ready with the mare, and piling into the lumber wagon as well as we could we rattled off. At the very start, my left leg received such a shock, that it shook out an old neuralgic twist which had been asleep there for months; but there was no use in growling when the wagon made such a racket: nobody would hear it. But the drive was short. We soon came in sight of Frank's house standing on the hill, far back, and with a row of poplars going up the yard and before the house itself, and other old forest trees, burying it in deep shadow.

The mare was now going like a streak; for any thing that rattles, always starts her; and, besides, John knows nothing about driving her, although I have trained him thoroughly, again and again. As it was, the boy could not stop her; and so, instead of drawing up gracefully before the front door, where Frank and Fanny stood

ready to receive us, we flew past on swift wings, and only brought up in the extreme recesses of the back yard.

It was the opinion of all—(for the beast is afraid of me as death)—it was the opinion of all, that if I had not seized the reins and said, Whoh! just as I did, she would have cleared the fence, and taken us all over into the orchard.

We got out on the wood-pile and took breath, while Frank came inquiring what we were doing out there in the lots. Apart from that screeching shoot through the left leg, I was entirely cool; but my wife, I observed, had put on a very fresh color, and Tidy, for one who dreams so much, was quite dewy and sparkling.

You see John cannot or will not understand that the mare must be driven gently at the start, and then she will go gently all the way: but touching her with a whip is downright madness.

We entered the house by the kitchen and the middle room; and so into the front parlor. Just up by the chamber windows the blackbirds had gathered in the poplars, and were singing with the greatest vociferation; groups of them flying every moment down to the river banks, and then returning shortly to their nests in the poplars. Presently we went in to tea, in the back parlor; one of

those enchanting rooms which you fall in love with at sight. We were still within the sunset which came blazing past the house in crimson and gold, and flying across the river and valley (where the village, more than a mile distant, was lying cool and shadowy), marked itself brightly, and with the sharpest colors, on the opposite hill-side.

We sat down to our tea, and such was the charm of the room and the scene altogether, that although it all faded away presently, and the lights were brought in, we still sat about the table until we all rose to come home. The lady-chatter at the tea was incessant: great arrearages of up-country gossip were brought up and discussed, and finished. After the table was cleared, some one brought Frank a cigar, when my wife said to him, "I beg, Mr. Bryars, you will not tell any more of your horrid stories. I dreamed of that Long House all night." But Frank was not to be put off. He was beset to have another talk. "That story," said he, looking at Tidy in a kind of solemn abstraction, "was rather remarkable; but, after all, the man had a home, such as it was, to die in; and I take it, that is some comfort."

Turning to me, he continued: "Did you ever know old Doctor ———. He must have lived a little before

your time, but of course you have heard of him; but neither you, nor any one, knew him as I knew him. He died without a home; at least his home was such, that he left it evidently for the purpose of dying away from it. The Doctor, as you will remember, was a very large man, at least six feet high, and with a head and face in full proportion for such a frame. As is not unusual with large men, there was a look of extreme kindness in every feature of his fair face, and he inclined slightly to baldness. His head and face might without caricature, be said to be *magnificent*, and this also might be said of the whole man, for such he was. Why he should be so shy and diffident, however, seemed very strange.

"There was so much sickness in our family in those days, that I soon got thoroughly acquainted with him. I almost invariably drove down for him, when he was wanted, and this was always two or three times a week. In this way, we got to know each other, although we said but little. Day after day we drove about together with scarcely a word between us; but the most commonplace remark from the Doctor, accompanied by one of his looks was equal to a volume in meaning.

"I used to sit waiting for him in the carriage by the hour, and sometimes would have to drive him about

town before he could start. The world in those days was all before me, and nothing suited me better than this idle kind of life. Of course it pleased the Doctor immensely to have one who was not worrying him to death with alarming stories of patients at the point of death, and so forth; and as he always had some private grief in hand (told, however, in so gentle a way that you could only smile at it), I generally had the first hearing. Sometimes it was some precious scandal, which somebody had got up about him in the village, but oftener some personal ill, as a back-ache, or a rheumatic touch, which would cause him to put on a face of the highest individuality. When he came on horseback, as he sometimes would, on fine summer days, it was amusing to see him come up the yard, leading his horse, with one hand on his lame back, to indicate the *locale*, for the time, of his private grief; and not seldom, he would stop half-way up the yard and be feeling in his pockets, where some luckless vial, from too great pressure, had broken in pieces. 'Sure!' he would say, pulling out his hand, red with some high-colored drug, 'I have broken that tincture all to smash.'

"At such times, I have sat down before him and laughed till I cried, but he never seemed in the slightest degree offended with any thing I did. Giving me

one of his looks, he would perhaps ask, 'How is your digestion?' and then laughing himself most immoderately, his face would directly become calm and sedate again. Professionally, I suppose, he was one of the best read men in the state, and his untiring kindness and perseverance in cases even of small importance, was most remarkable. Day after day, and night after night, he would be about his patients, and still the same kind face and unflagging attention to them. His inquiries were thousand-fold; and if you answered correctly, it was very strange if he did not ferret out the trouble. Whether he knew how much humor he carried about in his looks and actions is perhaps doubtful. I remember, it was the one puzzling thing, which I could not quite determine. I think, however, he had a remote idea of it.

"But I am making a long story. The old Doctor at last got poorly—we called him old, though he was in the full prime of life. There was no great change in his appearance, but it was evident that he was getting feeble, and he would sometimes drop a word or two, intimating that he did not expect to practise much more: he had his troubles also, but of those I shall not venture to speak: I will only say that the Doctor found himself quite lonely in the world. Foreseeing his death a few

weeks before it took place, he went up to a little hamlet by the river side, about six miles out of town, and,—as I believe,—with a determination to die there:—I went up to see him while he was there, with the hope of getting him to prescribe for a little girl then very poorly, and also to persuade him to come and take my room and make his home with us. But it was all of no avail:—'The little girl will outlive me,'—said he,—'and at your house I should have the whole village about me: Have you heard the stories they are getting up about me? Ah, well, let them talk.'

"Not a week from this, word came to me, then some distance from home, that the Doctor had failed rapidly, and been brought back to the village, and was thought to be dying. I hurried home, but arrived only in time to see him buried: even then he had not been taken to any room in the village that was familiar to him, but was left at a strange house. I only mention this, however, as an incident of his death, for they were very kind people.

"The funeral was at the church, and never before or since, has that solemn service seemed so solemn as at that time. In fact I never had thought of it: perhaps never had heard it before. I was standing with the congregation when the clergyman entered the church, but

as his voice rose clear and distinct, with those words: 'I am the resurrection and the life,'—the whole house reeled with me, and I dropped into a seat and cried like a child.

"All the rest of the service, but more especially the singing, only added to my intense excitement, and I remember very well that I did not recover myself during that day.

"After the service, I joined in the procession, and in a beautiful spot, just a little out of the village, we laid the old Doctor away: and this was the man," said Frank "who had no home in which to die."

As my friend finished his talk about the Doctor, Johnny was reported, with the mare and a lantern to guide us home. Frank offered his services, which Tidy took upon herself to decline, and with some spirit; again he insisted and again she wholly declined. I looked about to see what was the occasion of so much emphasis, but with no success.

It was very dark. Heavy clouds were floating slowly about, and streaks of moonlight gleaming only here and there at long intervals. I drove the mare myself, and it would have done your heart good, sir, to see the beast pick her way so carefully—just as she used to do years ago, when I drove so often at midnight through

the deep pine-woods, down in that rough river country, where I worked out the best of my days. Time and again in those nights, when I could not even see Jenny herself, I would drop the reins loosely upon her back, and let her pick her way through the darkness.

Always she brought me out safe, and always of her own accord going with the extremest care in places which she knew to be very perilous.

In the same way she now threw her short, pointed ears forward and back, as much as to say—"The difficulties are amazing, but never fear: I know the way." Johnny went ahead with the lantern—a great annoyance, unless it is pitch dark.

Soon we came within hearing of the dogs. We said but little, being all (myself by no means excepted) very much impressed with Frank's reminiscence of the old Doctor.

As we drove slowly up the yard, my father came to the south door, with a lighted candle in his hand, shouting, Who's there?" and crazing the dogs with the pleasant fiction that they were engaged with the enemy. It ended with their jumping in and out of the wagon and all over every body before any one could alight. Pompey, however, whose caution is large, continued at a distance with an incessant yelp, until all possible doubt was removed.

After this long, long talk, sir, upon these trifles, the day is done, and with it closes the week.

It is Saturday night again.

Addio, Z. P.

IX.

Sunday Night.

June, 1850.

Another Sunday—the glad day of the week—has come to us—made its bright path in the sky, and passed over to other lands. It is almost midnight: the breath of the week-days, like the chill of the early dawn, is not yet felt. I shall sleep over into the bustling to-morrow with wet eyes, and a throbbing but joyful pulse.

Years ago it was our custom on this night to gather here, or at Rambleton House, and sing our old Connecticut hymns. My father always took the lead, walking the room back and forth, and gesticulating, sometimes in rather an extraordinary manner. The occasion was one of solemnity, but mainly it was a time of praise and thanksgiving.

We formed, at this time, a large circle; and it re-

quired a strong and powerful leader, like my father, to keep us in control. Sometimes that office was assigned to me; but in such case, we always failed in reaching that grand movement which my father commanded.

After such a failure, my father would rise from his seat, look round upon us with a smile, and dash into the same tune with great force and emphasis: after which he would seat himself, and remark, in a modest way, that he had sung that tune "more than forty years ago:" Had learned it, perhaps, on Litchfield Hill; and the first time it was ever sung was at such an ordination,—and was composed by such a one, expressly for that purpose. As to myself, I had been thoroughly trained by my father, years ago, for hours at a time, on rainy mornings, in the most difficult tunes he could select: each taking a different part, and my father dashing through his with great spirit and precision. Pausing occasionally, he would explain to me how Mr. W—th, or Mr. ——, or the celebrated Mr. D—bble, sang the same. At these times, we sang, also, old anthems, now long since laid away (except now and then that we raise them, as it were, from the dead): such as "I beheld, and lo!" (from Haydn's Creation,) "The Heavens are telling," &c.

On the Sunday night meetings of which I was

speaking, we usually sang "Denmark," towards the close; and for the last, a piece composed, or rather collected, by my father, from the closing passages of four different anthems—one by Dr. Madan, from the "Lock Hospital," and the others by eminent composers. The words were—

To our Almighty King
Wonder and praise—wonder and praise belong.

Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

Shining in immortal bloom!

These passages being very fine, we were all familiar with them, and sang them with great power. They formed, altogether, a very grand Doxology; after singing which, it was my father's custom, with some abruptness, to say "Good night," and immediately retire.

This was years ago. We meet now—those of us who are left—but more rarely. We sing the same songs: but we are not all here. Some have faded away, and others are scattered about the land. Shall we ever meet again to sing those old tunes? Not here. We

can have but an echo of those days now. But we may meet—all meet—in a better home. (May our Father in Heaven grant that this be so.) We may all meet there and sing them again, with the Hosts of Heaven—with the "thousands and thousands, and ten times thousands," who surround the throne of the Lamb, and cease not day nor night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

All gathered at one hearth—father, and mother, and sisters, and brothers—to walk in white robes—to sing there the song of the Redeemed in Glory! Oh, *my Father and my God*, will this be so? All—*all* gathered in that happy home! Will it be so?

I have been, to-night, in one of my sad but joyous moods: silent and bewildered: the images of old friends and old times about me. It is not long since my voice was strong and firm. It is so now; but in this strange humor—this indomitable wilfulness of the heart—I have no power over it. I can but sit, speechless, and look up with a trembling hope to the kind Heaven which is over all.

I was sitting, to-night, leaned back in my chair, while T. sat by the hearth, gazing silently upon the dying embers, when my father came in, and without speaking to us, began walking slowly across the room.

Presently, he began an old anthem, in a low tone, his voice—a very unusual thing—trembling, and at times almost failing him, while he walked slowly back and forth. The words, as well as I remember them, were "Farewell, farewell, my friends, and God grant that we may meet again, where trouble shall cease and harmony abound." As he finished singing, he turned to me and asked what old piece it was. "Strange," he said, "that I should think of it now. I do not remember of singing it in more than forty years. It must be one of the old pieces we used to sing on Litchfield Hill;" and again he repeated it, slowly, and as if searching carefully for the old tones so long buried—"Farewell, farewell, my friends!"

He retired soon after, but presently returned, with a black leather-covered book (*Songs of the Temple*, 1819), took a seat by the table, by the side of my wife, and opening the book carefully, turned to an old tune not at all familiar to me, but of a soft and plaintive strain. It was very simple in tone, but exceedingly difficult in construction. My father sang it through once by himself, and then asked us to sing it with him. I was in that foolish condition I have mentioned—my eyes troubled with tears—and could make no reply. I was, in fact, pretending to sleep. My father looked at

me a moment, over his glasses, but said no more, and began singing again: my wife joining with him. These are the words:—

'Tis finished, so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'Tis finished—yes—the race is run;
The battle's fought—the victory won!

They sang it again and again, with the same words. My wife has a sweet voice, and they both sang in low and subdued tones; my father using but little of his usual gesticulation, only raising and lowering his hands slowly, as in prayer. Once at the close of the verse, he looked at T. with a smile, and remarked, gently, that she did not quite touch a certain note. "But," said he, in the same low tone, "it is very intricate." Again and again, they repeated it, and the words still throb at my heart—

The battle's fought—the victory won!

At length my father rose, bowed, without speaking, and retired. T. came and sat by me, silently, for a few moments, and went up to her rest.

And now the midnight has come, my friend, and Sunday night is over. I must go now. But I shall

still see that picture of youth and age bending over the old book—the calm and prayerful face of T. and the grave but rapt look of my father—I shall still hear, in the morning watch, those sweet sad tones, and those glorious words :—

'Tis finished—yes—the race is run:
The battle fought—the victory won!

Addio. Z. P.

X.

Frank.

Your conjecture is right: my friend Frank is the same—changed by years and illness—older and wiser perhaps: and you are that Professor whom he met at the famous city of one house on the St. John's, where, so long ago, you ate strawberries together. Other years afterward, I also stopped at the same place with Father Williams, and ate strawberries from the same bed.

When you knew him, he was coasting about in search of health, which had escaped him; and all about the world he has not found it again. He will not find it here. In this contrivance of flesh and blood by which we manage to live, he will not find it. He must look further. And this is Frank's opinion.

This world—I have heard him say—is well enough for a beginning. It is not imperative that life, here,

should be a failure: not quite. Something may be done: as much as God designed,—but to live on so,—Oh my dear Pun, would it not be ludicrous? say rather would it not be madness?

You observe from this, that he is by no means elated with the present state of things. He does not care for a long residence in it: and this is why he lives. In any other mood, he would die to-morrow. Over-anxiety, whether to live or die, would close the story.

The beautiful things which turn up here and there find a warm welcome with him; but this early forethought, looking forward to the end, has taken from life the peculiar charm, which is so tempting to the world at large. Of course he never plans or builds up future possibilities: more often he amuses himself with the important hurry and bustle of the world.

"There is a man," he will say, speaking of some one who is constantly building and planning for future years,—"the surprise to that man when he comes to die will not be so much that he is dead, as that he cannot go right on with the matter he had in hand. But what will be his consternation at that! so petty, so annoying, such a monstrous impertinence!—'what is all this,'—he will say: and doubtless it will be,—what is all this?"

It is perhaps safe to say that Frank is a happy and cheerful-hearted man;—but to the great world he is the veriest vagabone. Money is nothing to him: books only and friends, are something; the birds, the sunlight and the sweet south wind; moonlight, the summer showers, and lightnings, and all beautiful things:—these are something, and he never suffers them to pass without ministering to him. Is it so with your men of business, and care and infinite botherations, moneyed or political, or whatsoever?

Frank has his times, however, of making faces, and one of his luxuries, as he used to say to me, is in growling; a good rich growl being equal to a bite out of a sour apple. But of late he begins to tire, even of growling.

I have concluded—he says—to let my ailings take care of themselves—for what return do I get? Have I not grumbled about, for years, and tossed and tumbled of nights, and looked long for the morning, and then tossed and tumbled again—and of what use, I ask you. Have I not wished even for that long deep sleep,—to lie down in that sweet oblivion, to wake no more to aches and pains and these small frettings of life. Have I not bathed and bothered sufficiently, I beg to know? I say I have. I think that I have. As Mr. Webster would say,—I do suppose that I have. And now, if the leg will ache, let

it: and if the head will get cloudy, and the old bones crumble and fall,—let them! But I cannot stop to bother any more with such small nonsense. Life is too short to be detained with these impertinences. Let the leg and the head see to their own affairs:—what is it all to me who have something to do yet, and will do it, God willing, though the stars fall from the heavens.

In such mood, perhaps, you ate strawberries together and shot at alligators, years ago, on the St. John's.

Such, at least, is Frank Bryars, now, in this glorious summer of 1850. Yours, Z. P.

XI.

T. and the Rector.

July, 1850.

We have now fairly entered upon our up-country summer, and, as we think, with the happiest success. All the long day—like Lamb's "roast pig"—is enjoyable throughout; and we by no means refuse the night. A glorious summer!

A little while since, I was lying in the hammock between the maples, when my wife and Tidy burst upon me with great spirit, on their return from prayers at the parish church. "Such times!" said T., coming up the yard very quickly, with great brilliance of color, and emphasizing through the air with her right fore-finger,—"Such times!—what do you think? there was no one there to ring the bell, and so I thought I would do it myself; for it was more than five minutes past the time: but just as I had got it in a good ring, the rope caught

somewhere, and took a flourish, and I could not make a single sound. Well: what could be done,—it was then ten minutes after church time. So the Rector had to go up and toll the bell himself, and there the people were coming in, and he up in the belfry, with his surplice on, tolling the bell by hand! But that isn't all."—

"Wait a moment," said I. "Lie down here, both of you, side by side, and take breath, or I shall have to run for brandy and lavender."

After being well disposed in the hammock, and T. had arranged her right arm, so that she could give the requisite force to her remarks, I permitted her to go on. "But keep cool," said I, giving the hammock a gentle swing—"and now proceed." "Why," said the lady, "there was nobody there to sing; and of course"—speaking with a good deal of solemnity,—"it was impossible to omit it, and so I rose and set the tune myself; and we got on very well, till just in the middle of the verse, I found the tune did not fit the metre."

"And what did you do then?"—said I. "Oh"—said she; making a very severe gesture,—"it was dreadful! but I only stopped, and thought for a moment, and then went on again with another; and what is more," she continued, with an air of triumph, "they all joined in, and we sang it delightfully."

"And what is more," said I, "you have made yourselves sharp for dinner: and what did Tidy do?" "Why, she sang with me, of course, or I should never have got through."

"And where was Frank?" I continued.

"He was not there," said Tidy, and springing from the hammock, she stepped quickly to the hall door and disappeared.

"T.," said I, quietly, "did you observe that?" "What!" said she, with some alarm.

"Did you observe Tidy's manner, when I spoke of Frank?"

"Oh that was nothing"—said T.—"You don't mean to say" ——

"Yes," said I, "I do mean to say" ——

My wife rose from the hammock, and said with great deliberation, "My dear husband it is impossible: there it nothing in it. Frank admires her very much; that is very evident, and *he* may have his thoughts,—but Tidy, the dear child, tells me every motion of her heart. Oh, no: not at all!" and having disposed for ever of this matter, she remarked a little upon the state of the parish, and retired.

"Well:" thought I to myself, taking the vacant hammock, "we do not all see alike. My gentle people

have their ways, and I have mine; and those two birds building their nests in the vine between the piazza columns, have theirs; and there is a lesson there of more worth than many conjectures."

In any case the day is beautiful.

Addio, Z. P.

XII.

Midsummer.

Up-Country, July 3d, 1850
Morning ——

It is almost midsummer, my friend, and what kind of a day do you suppose we have—what kind of a morning? I give you the facts. Thermometer 63°—a sour cold wind blustering about (doubtless from the east), and the sky heavy and sad as November.

How must the hearts of the little people already be trembling, lest to-morrow, the great day, should be even like unto this: what a national calamity would that be! It has been arranged, not without much discussion, by the Rector and his people, that the parish children of the school and Sunday school, should celebrate the day in our grove. Accordingly, my father had the grass cut there yesterday, and it is lying in swathes all about under the trees, and only this rheumatic wind to cure it:—but great changes may come about before to-morrow. Mean-

time, however, I am sitting by a fire, and have small inclination for out-door affairs. Yesterday we had men pounding about on the top of the house, fixing for the thunder and lightning.

At every little distance they stick a point out, and so bristling is the whole affair, I expect we shall be struck all of a heap the very first storm that we have: so many, and so pointed, are the invitations.

Did you hear of the young man who was in the habit of sitting by an open window, in thunder-storms, and watching the lightning playing down the rod close by? It was not I.

I have not written for a day or two, having been more pleasantly occupied in the society of our friends lately arrived from below. Their coming has been an event not soon to be forgotten, but the arrival of the baby with them, has been the chief feature in the case: because this baby, be it observed, is not an every-day baby. You know how apt babies are, to be remarkable,—but, sir, perhaps you never saw a baby like this:—I presume to say, you never did. That it is fair and round-faced, and has a forehead like Daniel Webster's: that it never cries: that it is always "jolly," so to speak:—these things are something, but what I have to add, is the penetrating sagacity with which it selects out one par-

ticular person, and wherever that person may go—up, down, or sideways—there follow the baby's eyes with the pertinacity of a magnet. And who do you suppose is that individual?—The father? the mother? or my wife? or Tidy? or grandfather? No! sir—*I* am that individual! You will ask, perhaps, if I am all the time dandling it: Never had the baby in my arms but once in my life, and then,—but as I was saying, there is no doubt it will be an extraordinary child. I have already told the mother to seize the first opportunity, of its being able to handle things—to present to it a *brush* and a *pen:* one or the other it will grasp and use immediately with the greatest delight, and I prophesy it will take the *pen*, and if the first thing it does is to put that pen in its mouth, it will, in my opinion, show its preference in an undoubted manner: it will be a *sign:* as the gentle-people say.

Au revoir, Professor: I have to-day all the house upon my hands. Yours, Z. P.

XIII.

The Storm.

Up-Country, July 3d—Evening.

The cool morning ran rapidly up into a hot noon, and the hot noon bred the lightning, and we have had a waking-up all over these borders, with rain in torrents, such as has not been seen for many days. All over the black sky flew the red lightning, brilliant, wavy and zig-zag, and close behind followed the big thunder: rain, hail, and the great winds northwesterly, and the thunders and lightnings,—they all came down together. The Shag-bark, high and furious before, now roared by, dashing itself in foam and spray, and under all, you heard the deep low shock of the falls tumbling down the hills from the great Passamaquoddy.

Now was the time for our new lightning conductor to be in its element. No doubt it behaved itself bravely, catching up the winged thunder as it flew down within

reach of its spider arms, and so silently and swiftly carrying it home again to mother earth. How it must have hissed and sputtered, with the white lightning and the rain both pouring down together! How its points must have bristled and snapped! The next storm that comes, I shall seat myself at a safe distance in the garden, under an umbrella, and watch the proceedings through an opera glass.

Did I tell you that the storm lasted till near midnight? Kate and Ann, poor things, put up blankets and counterpanes to keep out the sharp eyes of the lightning, and even the baby cried out at one very sharp flash.

In the very thick of the commotion, and when it was maddest, my father came striding through the rooms, singing a fragment of an old war-time song:—

The fifteenth of October
The year of eighty-one:
Cornwallis, he surrendered
To General Washington:

Don't you see the bomb-shells flying?
The cannon loud do roar:
De Grasse is in the harbor
And Washington's on shore!

You see, sir, that we can do some things even in this high latitude.—Don't suppose that you have all the thunder and lightning.

When are you coming up? If you don't come, write and say all manner of things.

Yours, Z. P.

XIV.

Frank and Mr. P. by the Shag-Bark.

We went down on the river-bank, this afternoon: Frank, with his cigar, and Mr. Pundison with the undisturbed memory of a happy dinner.

It is pleasant, sir, to escape from this inevitable *I*. Let us say *we*, as often as may be convenient. For we, thou, he, she, or it, are always better—are they not—than whatever I? Doubtless: and this is why it is pleasant to ride, walk, play at wicket, or mingle in city crowds: so, to escape this intense personality, this perpetual introversion; and see other things than I: to meet thou, her, and him, and the great wide-armed world of nature, sunshine, and clouds, and the sightless winds, waters, and grasses, and the young flowers.

Something like this, as we walked down, I remarked, also, to Frank.

"All which," said Frank, "is very well. In town, however, where the second and third persons number hundreds of thousands, are we more modest? Are we crushed with the sense of other existences? Do we not rather return, always, from mingling with the great crowd, with a still heartier liking for the home which is so concentred in I: and with a strong determination to take excellent care of it? Oh no, Pun: let us love the country, only remembering always, that towns are, and that thereby we have the morning papers. As to the I, it is inevitable. No one can be rid of it: at least," said he, with a subdued voice, "not here."

Sitting by the river-side, we pondered upon events: the past, the future, and the warm present. Therm. at 90° as we left the south piazza. But there is a coolness in the sound of running waters. It was pleasant, therefore, by the river, and the silent vote was that the day was surpassingly fine.

Frank finished his first cigar, and lighting a second, opened Tennyson to page 158, vol. ii.

> And on her lover's arm she leant,
> And round her waist she felt it fold,
> And far across the hills they went,
> In that new world which is the old,
> Across the hills and far away
> Beyond their utmost purple rim,—

"What a delightful time they must have had. Pun, would you like to travel?"

"No: I have travelled. What is the use of travel except to come home again?"

"Yes; but suppose you take your home with you? For, you observe, 'On her lover's arm she leant,' and moreover, 'Deep into the dying day, the happy maiden followed him:' and, in another place, it reads, 'Through all the world she followed him.' So Ruth, also, 'Whither thou goest,' &c.—don't you see, sir, that it's important to travel?"

Mr. Pundison was resting from the fatigue of his late argument upon personalities, and made no reply.

"That is," continued Frank, after a considerable pause, "to travel in this way, with some one following you all about the world, 'Beyond the night, across the day;'" and rising, he skipped a stone far out into the river, and seated himself again, on a bed of moss.

"Pun," said he, suddenly, with an indifferent manner, "do you think I ought to marry?" "Why not?" said Mr. P., who was nearly asleep. "Why not!" said Frank, warming indignantly; "why that is the whole heart of the matter. Observe! Have I the *right* to take any one with me, on such a journey as this life must be to me? To embody with this life," he continued,

rising and walking to and fro, and addressing, by turns, and with a solemn pause to each, the river and the sky, and a king-bird that looked down shyly at him, from the top branch of a hickory—"to embody—to fasten upon this life, health and youth, and hope, and the pureness of a holy and glad soul? To make this young child old before her time? Does God design such things? Is it right—is it right—oh, is it right?"

The river made no reply: the king-bird was non-committal, waiting for a bee; otherwise he would have had an opinion: and Mr. Pundison was in his usual after-dinner forgetfulness.

"Pah!" said Frank, "the man's asleep! What a happy dreamer he is, with his T., and Tidy and the dogs, and his easy way of napping. I wonder if he could spare any of them—could he spare Tidy, for instance? And what would T. do?"

At this juncture Mr. Pundison awoke, and related a remarkable dream at great length and detail, and wound up by asking Frank if he believed in dreams.

"Bah!" said Frank, "that isn't the question. The question is"—rising and placing both hands on his friend's shoulders—"the question is, do you think, my dear Pun, do you think"—

The pause being a very long one, and Frank con-

tinuing to look him very steadily in the eye, Mr. P. suggested, "Well—do I think what?"

"Do you think"—relaxing his grasp, and a smile of consciousness returning to his pale face—"do you think—it will rain to-morrow?"

"I think it will," said Mr. P. very gravely, "you can see it in the sunset—there is the rain tint; but the next day, Frank, will be glorious!"

XV.

Summer Weather.

Pundison House, Up-Country,
July 10, 1850.

The summer goes on royally. That blast from the last of the icebergs has passed away, and now the days and nights roll softly and radiantly through the warm airs of 80 and 90 of Fahrenheit.

Frank sends me, this morning, one of the pleasant results of this delicious weather; all rocked out in verse, after his fashion.

We interchange thus, every thing, even to gems of the first water. What is mine is his, and what is his is mine, to the bottom of our pockets: and when he dies (and may the sweet Heavens keep the day far distant), I fancy I shall not stay long away from him.

T. is discussing travel—a look about town—a little of the sea-air, and so forth.

If we go, it will be in a circle—and a small one, I hope—returning with swift and glad wings. Shall we meet any where? I inclose the "Thanksgiving."

Yours, Z. P.

XVI.

Thanksgiving.

By Frank Bryars. July, 1850.

The day went on brightly, till nearly at noon,
When the thunder, and lightning, and rain,
Came down in broad sheets, and the burning air soon
Was cool and fragrant again.

All the rest of the day, the black masses lay,
Shutting us up in the gloom of a night
Which arrived all too soon; and the beautiful birds
Shuddered and looked for the light.

But, just at the sunset, the clouds roll'd away;
And the blue of the sky, kind thoughts, sweet words,
And the red light, that went down with the day,
Seem'd all one with the song of the birds;
And the birds sang all the night long.

Far down in the meadows came up their sweet voices,
Each, one and all, in its silver tone cast;
And with all their might singing—as one who rejoices,
And says a thanksgiving for storms that are past.

Then soon came the moonlight, and play'd in the trees,
The thorough-clad maples that shade all the house,
Nodding and tossing their heads in the breeze—
The sweet summer breeze that came up from the south:
Where the birds sang all the night long.

Late in the night we went up to our rooms—
Rooms light and airy, set apart for sweet rest,
With wide-open windows which look'd from the east,
All round through the south to the west.

There lay the white moonlight, chasing the glooms,
While the maples were nodding and tossing without,
And the sweet music flew round through the rooms;
Sometimes as in prayer, sometimes with a shout—
Of the birds singing all the night long.

Reclin'd upon couches, we thought not of sleep,
But mark'd how the moonlight seem'd writing out words,
On the bright-tinted carpet, noiseless and deep,
For this beautiful song of the birds.

But looking we nodded, and nodding we dreamed;
And the thunder, and lightning, and rain,

Precisely as yesterday—only worse—seemed
To come back to our spirits again,
While the birds sang all the night long.

Then again—all the day—the black masses lay,
Shutting us up in the gloom of a night
Which had come all too soon: and, like the sweet birds,
We shudder'd and look'd for the light.

But waking, ere morning, behold 'twas a dream—
This return of the storm—for the sky was still blue,
And the music still came, and flew like the gleam
Of the moonlight playing the maple-boughs through,
Of the birds singing all the night long.

Straightway I arose, and call'd out to my friends:
"Let us sing now a thanksgiving song:
Or again, in some form, we shall dream of that storm,
Lo! the birds sing all the night long!"

Then we sang a glad song, and the rest that came after,
Illumined with light, was so tranquil and deep,
That never was song, or gladness, or laughter,
So rich and heart-filling as that morning sleep:
When the birds sang all the night long.

Frank sends me a note, in regard to the above, as follows:

"You remember the storm, the dark afternoon, the

sunset, and the moonlight, I suppose [I had forgotten about it, but Tidy remembers it minutely, and says she heard the very same birds: having waked in the night, after a strange dream she had, and which she recounts with great vivacity]; but you may not have heard the birds sing: I *did*, however, and heard them afterwards, on going to bed, and deep in the night; whether I arose and called my friends together for a song is a matter not so easily determined—I may have dreamed that part of it. But I made up the poem, much as it is now, before daylight; ah, my friend, if such things would happen every day, that I might sing out the remnant of my life in song, song and thanksgiving! Is there such a life anywhere, do you suppose? and should we tire of it, think you? I shall soon know, perhaps.

"'Like this,' as our friend C. says, like it, oh, Z. P., and say it is *charmante*—say it is enchanting! say it is —let me see—say it is *heart-filling*, and then, may be, some fine morning, I will send you some more.

"P. S.—You are not to imagine, that it was the poplar blackbirds I heard the other night. Sir, they are *gabblers*, compared with the singing that came up from those meadows. Do you think they were meadow larks? They came from the meadows, and from the river-side, and occasionally seemed to be all about the

house, pausing now and then, and then bursting out again, and making it all ring with their sweet singings. Like it—like it—oh, Z. P., like it exceedingly.

FRANK BRYARS."

XVII.

The Hammock and the Placer.

July 15, —, Piazza.

A GREAT day! ten o'clock, ante-meridian, and thermometer at 85°. I shall get two naps to-day. One before dinner, and one after. Pre, and post-prandial. One in the hammock between the maples (before it gets too hot); one in the leather-back, on the piazza.

How did you like the "Thanksgiving?" Cleverish! I think so. But Frank, poor fellow, deceives himself about those things, and so, I fear, does one other, who sees wonders in all Frank does. Doubtless, he wrote it off easily and rapidly; but what then? What does it all amount to? You may laugh, but I believe I could do it myself, half-a-dozen times a day. Give me a subject, sir, and observe the consequences—the rhythms and myths which shall come to you all in the latest and highest style of art. Moreover,—who ever heard of a *sheet of thunder?*

A great day. "A July day," as some one says, "hot and glorious." I saw it in a paper—a Boston paper. It was about a book, and I would give a gold piece to know who said it. "Hot and glorious!"

I was almost asleep, just now, when all in the mid-day stillness, solemn almost as the midnight, I heard a light step in the grass, and behold the dog Rover approaching cautiously, with an immense bone in his mouth, giving him a very fierce appearance; only that his eyes, as he stopped to look at me, were mild and beneficent. After giving me this high, abstract look, he walked very slowly down the gravel-path, his tail curled extremely tight on his back, and his whole movement solemn and important. At the bottom of the yard he stops, now, and looks about cautiously, makes a right angle to the foot of the pine-tree, puts down his bone, and looks about again. What will he do next? He considers a moment, and now he decides. Let us work, he says, while the day lasts. He is digging a hole, and his fore-paws play in and out, swifter than a weaver's shuttle. And now he drops the bone in the hole, covers it carefully, but quickly, and walks up again, in the same grand manner, his tail, if any thing, a little higher and tighter than before. He walks up to me and laughs, in the broadest sense of the word. Not a horse-laugh, but a dog-laugh.

Pompey, where are you? I call Pompey, and we, also, take a little walk. I take Pompey to that hole under the pine-tree, and make suggestions. No? Absolutely, sir, the dog says he smells nothing there—nothing at all. Rover stands a little way off, profoundly indifferent. I put *him* at the scent. "What is it?" he says, looking up the north road, very furious—"show me the enemy!" and he sneezes three times, and looks up—down—any where rather than at that deposit—that placer—richer to him than Golconda—which the rascal has just now made.

Ah, what a world it is, sir! I am outwitted by two silly dogs. Henceforth I will stay in my hammock, and inquire, "What is truth?"

How innocent they look. Babes in the wood not more so. Unless some bumble-bee happens along, they will be asleep directly. Just now, before they left the pine, I observed they stopped to *dogmatize* upon some subject, and were apparently in high glee. They had compared notes!

Good morning, I will now take nap number one.

Z. P.

XVIII.

The Sea-Side.

Tumbling Beach, Tac Hatterac,
August, 1850.

You see by my date, sir, that we are out in the great world. Our friends who were with us, when I last wrote, left us after one or two pleasant weeks, and we began to be slightly dull. My wife, also, had some ambition about getting abroad a little, and, to-day, a week, we were among the arrivals at ——— House, Tumbling Beach, Tac Hatterac.

It is not wise, Professor (as one of the five hundred here gathered); it is not wise, or well, to bark at the proceedings; but a modest man may state a preference: and mine would be for a lamb chop, a corn pudding, and one large potato, at, say, Pundison House, Up-Country. For five hundred people can hardly be dined as well as one or two, or a half-dozen; eh? but—one can stay away.

The joy here is the sea; and that is a heart-full. But I love it more on the southern shores. North of Savannah it is too cold for northern invalids: too cold for me, now that I have turned the point of good health, and am descending among uncertainties. The air, too, is an anodyne. I sleep continually, and no dogs to keep me company. Waking, I hear only this solemn pulse beating fainter or louder: and dreaming, I weave it into strange and manifold harmonies. I shall go mad, or something like it, if we stay here. It will not do. T. is with me, and she is all the world to me—Pundison House excepted. If I should get crazed here, and jump into the breakers, what would the child do? No: we must go home; but we will do it at leisure. Frank is hurrying us; but hurry and I have parted. Did I say that Tidy is with us? She is pleasant and happy as usual; but has a great liking, of late, to long and lonely walks on the beach; and dreams, I fear, more than ever. Only that I cannot permit any thing to fatigue, she would be a puzzle to me. The excitements, my dear Professor, that pass me by, from this absolute necessity of repose, are many and various. It is so pleasant, in case of annoyance and wrong, to say to myself—"My friend, you are not well enough, as yet, to be indignant." So, also, as to speculation and inquiry:—

while T. is just now beginning to remark upon this and that, I am calm and composed; my remarks to the same effect, having been made weeks ago, and no urgency can induce me to reconsider. Let the child dream, say I: what has that to do at the sea-shore, which was a meditation of almost a month ago, at Pundison House?

When is your furlough? Those two weeks, I mean, of up-country shootings, wild as your own comets, for so only can you by any economy of calculation see the half of your friends, and then only at a glance. Where shall we meet? Write me when you leave the great city, and I will contrive a collision, if possible.

Frank, I am sorry to say, is poorly; he started to come down to us, but only reached New York, where he is way-laid with his ailings, and is only caring, now, to get back again to the north. He writes cheerfully, as usual. I send you his letter of a day or two since.

Mansion House, Sunday afternoon.

DEAR ZACH:

The beautiful Sunday is almost gone,—so swiftly go the bright and happy things, and now I turn longing eyes, seaward and up-country, to the friends who are on either side, but not here to cheer this maimed and grum-

bling life. It is five of the clock, but still sunny and pleasant. I am just up from a sleep of two blessed hours, taken from the rich heart of this golden day. How must the little devils, if such there are (and doubtless there are youngsters in iniquity), how must they have been astonished that, doing their worst, they could not prevent that composing draught,—that sweet oblivion of two mortal hours. If any doctor had said to me, "sleep from three to five," I could not have done it more to the letter of the prescription. I had a little fire in the grate, for the morning was cool, and having dined at two o'clock (as all do to-day), I wheeled up the sofa, got into my slippers, and, as aforesaid, made the little devils gape with astonishment.

I went down this morning to St. Paul's Church, and being in my old coat and hat, the sexton gave me a seat far down the aisle—with a rum-breather. Miserable-looking was he, thin and pale, and almost paralytic: but he had with him a dogs-eared "delightful prayer book," which he constantly studied and pored over, reading with a kind of solemn gladness, that was almost ludicrous: He rose and sat down, half the time, all wrong, but with entire unconsciousness of so doing. In fact he had a certain grand manner, occasionally, that expressed something like this—"Undoubtedly:—now let us praise

the Lord!" and upon this he would rise with great dignity. I have spoken of his foul breath, but now I began to sympathize with this strange man, and concluded to stay through the service: but *then*, I said to myself, I would certainly go—and being so far down the aisle, I could easily slip out by one of the west doors: but the service went on, and all the while the man seemed so unconscious of annoyance to any body, I could scarcely reconcile my mind to what would seem so like an unchristian act. He looked about forty years old, and was already bald almost down to his ears, where was a little stubble which he kept trained to grow up instead of down: his face was cadaverous as death itself, and all the time he was sitting, he kept twisting his skeleton legs around each other like wires, and was bending and fumbling over that old torn prayer-book. Occasionally, he turned his wretched face about upon the audience; and once, as I had not taken my book, he offered to divide his with me, which, however, I declined. Now and then, as perhaps after gazing, in a sort of puzzle at his withered hands, he would brace up, and seem to be saying to himself—"We are thin and poor—but we do hold out amazingly, a-mazingly:—we may outlive these young people after all: the Lord be praised! Amen!"

Finally, the service was over, and we stepped out

into the aisle, when, to my worldless horror, he put on his hat in the middle of the church! My wrath (for if it was not wrath which I then felt, what was it?) my wrath, I say, was immense, and I could hardly keep from taking his hat off forcibly with my own hands. After all I had imagined about him—after all I had put up with, from him—so kindly as I had felt for him—for him to put his hat on—and a shocking bad hat, too—all square and fair in the open church! I choked it all down, however, saying to myself, "He don't know any better, perhaps,—let him live—let the poor fellow live!" and so, instead of taking his hat, per force, I went on with him, side by side; the crowd, I thought, staring about as much at *me*, in my old coat, as at him, and so at last, we passed out into the bright sunshine: I, to come up to my pleasant rooms, and among cheerful faces, and he, perhaps, to go to his miserable home,—who knows?—and to his miserable grog. But the last I saw of him, he had his little prayer-book fast with him:—it was still clean enough for him: I looked upon his wretched face, and over and over again, as I mixed in the gay throng which now crowded the streets, I thought—I may need his prayers more than he may need mine: God only knows. And so, again and again, in the waving crowd of elegance and dress, that simple

and all-embracing petition was on my lips and at my heart; still pressing and pressing, and again pressing, its sweet repetition:

May God have mercy upon us!

Yours, FRANK BRYARS.

I inclose one other letter which came to-day.

Mansion House, Wednesday.

DEAR ZACH.:

It's a rainy morning, and rather cold and dark, but I say to myself,—it's Wednesday, and the week can't last always, and to-morrow Fanny is coming down, and then I shall get me up, how joyfully, to my rest in the hills of the up-country. For some days, I have been as clear as a mountain spring,—but this morning, by the help of an anodyne for last night's rest, I am muddy and disagreeable.

I got your letter yesterday, indicating its arrival by a star on the corner of the one I sent you. Ah, my friend, when will you be done with the small vanity of that watering-place? Come up, oh Zachariah P., before I cast you off as a worldling, and a vagabone: come back to the hills—to your easy nap after dinner, and

the sweet breath of the morning. As for me, I am weary of this great city. If, in some happy moment, I wander down the street, singing some little stave, or whistling a small matter to myself, one cannot help seeing that people stare, as though I was doing some wicked thing; this it is, or my old coat, and which, I find it difficult to determine. Oh, let me go home: much do I want to see your father again, and to sit once more under the old maples and pines: unless you come home, sir, I may go over to Pundison House, and take possession: that puppy, too, I must see—I want to hear his bark—he's beginning early—but so it is in this damp and miserable world, where the "original sin" breaks out, even in puppies: there is no escape, you see, from the general law. An important query might be started, in regard to dogs, "whether the sins of the fathers descend unto the third and fourth generations:" I have seen dogs, which have given me strong suspicions, that they were suffering from the above law: as to Rover and Pompey, it is plain that their progenitors were of the highest respectability, and no doubt of gentle blood. —— Your father's rhyme, I prefer, as first composed:

"The little dog came over:
Kate chain'd him fast to Rover:
They feel as fine as calves in clover."

In this way the lines harmonize, and the sentiment is brought out in a gradually increasing climax, which is very effective. But, when you say "bouncing over," and "poor Rover," the harmony of the parts is disturbed, and the accent brought in the wrong place. I may be wrong, but would respectfully submit the matter to your father's more mature consideration. In either case, I suppose, the facts will remain the same. This is important. Is Tidy to stay with you? If she thinks of going home soon, I would try to come down for her. Say to her that I saw an old friend of hers a day or two since, who asked a thousand questions about her. Don't forget this. Good-bye. F. B.

P. S.—It is Thursday night, and I am entering—or rather am already entered—upon my twenty-fifth year! Am I sorry about it? Oh, no! a thousand times no! Let the dead bury the dead: but let *us* go on! If to grow older, is to grow wiser and better (and without this hope, life is a misnomer), then let me grow old rapidly. Let them come on! let them come on, the days that are left to me; and the swifter the better.

People talk of growing old, as though at the death of this body, we should not continue to grow on, as before. Ah, sir, let me say it with reverence, but I ask you, Is not the Almighty the Ancient of Days?

But at twenty-four (almost half the old allotted period) it is time, high time, my old friend, to be ready for the long journey. Time for us to do something more, than to loiter about the world, eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and being, in some weak fashion, respectably decent, and passably amiable, and not outrageously vile. For, wherever we go, into whatever place of abode, when we leave these ashes and take on that higher life, shall we not carry with us this winged and fiery spirit, which, if we curb it not now, and chasten it not now, and master it not now, *will then master us?* Adieu.

FRANK BRYARS.

Autumn.

I.

The Dark Days.

Pundison House, Up-Country,
Nov. 1850.

Oh! my friend, what a lapse is here! Looking back to your last letter, I find the warm date of July, and I remember me, also, in that already dim and far-away time, of various talks of naps on the piazza, thunder-storms and such like tropical matters: and now, it is this solemn and cold time of the year, which we call November. Out-doors, as it happens this morning,—and will often happen, no doubt, till winter comes,—are the gray wet sky, and the slippery walking, and the rawness of easterly winds: within doors, we make up such a contrast as you find in a grate well filled with large blocks of wood, and a modicum of coal; making a very grand substitute for a Christmas fire. My wife has already got up her curtains, huge as they are, and ponderous to a weighty degree, as I think, for a plain up-country house.

In these dark days, I threaten occasionally to cut them down; and we have only compromised at last, by having them well fastened back, so as to get a kind of bright twilight that is endurable. Mrs. P., at this moment, sits close by, looking intently and motionless upon a pile of stuffs that are spread out before her. A moment since she was measuring it, by holding one end at the tip of her nose, and stretching out the stuff to the length of her left arm. This proceeding looks very wise —few things look more so,—but the odds are, from that lady's present appearance, that she is in a snarl of some kind. That is my opinion: but I never say any thing upon such occasions, as I should probably fail of getting any reply, at least before tea. I should not wonder, if there were more curtains in the case, to darken some other pleasant room. We shall see.

Talking of tea, our little round table is lonely of late. Tidy, who was with us last summer, was tempted off to the house of a friend at the sea-side, and has not yet returned: we look for her soon, and then we shall begin to think of Thanksgiving and Christmas. So we go: only the other day it was summer, and now we talk of our Thanksgiving, and what we shall send to the Rector. And what have we done, all this time, other than to go through the same round of eating and sleep-

ing, with now and then an extraordinary dream? are we wiser, better, stouter? I wish I could claim the last, at least; but here I am, as usual, with my old growls and weaknesses, and sometimes with a doubt, as to what the winter will do with me. But I rather incline to put a good face upon matters. The dogs,—let me say,—never were better; or their performances more strikingly brilliant. It is amusing to see them sitting, side by side, in the sunshine, on still cold mornings, disdaining, as it were, any shelter, and perhaps acclimating by a kind of instinctive forethought against the intense cold which will be coming by and by. I will take a lesson from them, and as C. says, "cirkelate, cirkelate." How is the quicksilver with you? we count down to 34°.

Yours, Z. P.

P. S.—I have left this sheet unfinished, for a day or two, and now—behold a morning, clear and sparkling as a mountain spring. It is so utterly still, that the hammers over the river ring out far and wide; while the great Shag-Bark grumbles and growls like forty-five bears all tied by the tail. Every one speaks low and dreamingly. Tib, who used to stand all last summer, in the farther corner of the pasture, in the shade of the hickories, now parades herself in the very middle of the meadow, and looks the sun straight in the face:

looks and chews. I can distinctly see the motion of her chops at this distance, and the smoke of her breath.

But I have not told you, that with the new weather, came Tidy from the low country. Even so: we have given her the south-room, up-stairs; which looks miles away, over the river and rapids, and by one window in the east, you can look over the well-pole, down through the pine grove to the very region of the rising sun. Very pleasant it is of a lazy morning to see the sun, blazing in over the pine trees of the grove, or through the bare branches of the maples on the south: pleasant, I say, so to lie and hesitate, between the pleasure of the half-dream, which you know is a dream only, and the undoubted reality of buckwheat cakes and hot souchong, getting ready below. Tidy, who is always dreaming, will, of course, have golden dreams there. With a clean wood fire, and an open hearth, and that immense chair, which is large enough for at least three such little bodies as hers, she will like that room, I fancy, almost as much as the seat under the maples in the warm summer-time. Sometimes we shall look in upon her; but more often she will come down, and help take from the gravity of these grand and ponderous curtains. I have put a stove in the hall, which sends up a constant cloud of vapor from the top, making the travel between the

rooms perfectly summer-like: not hot, observe, but charmingly warm.

Good morning. My wife,—I will remark,—has come out of her entanglement, and is perfectly self-possessed and calm: or rather, she is more than that; she is exuberant. Whatever difficulty it was, it is plain that it has disappeared; and she goes about the house, like a ship with top-gallants and studding-sails all out to the breeze. Addio, Z. P.

II.

Pundison House in November.

Up-Country, November.

In these short days the dark comes early. By five o'clock, usually, we are housed; all out-door chores are carefully done; and then, when we have gathered about the round-table, us four making the circle complete, and the lamp (that beauty of a golden-stemmed lamp) in the centre, giving a kind of unity to the whole proceeding, —like a poem perfect in all its parts,—I say at this time, there is a certain keeping in Madame's curtains, to which I give a large and generous admission. I by no means deny this certain propriety, and the less so as they help to set off a picture over the mantel, which is to me a daily refreshment. It is a Claude: an arm of the sea, leading out into a warm sunset, where, struggling in the haze and golden glory of that distance, are faint indications—shadows as it were—of ships outward

bound. It is the play of the wind and the sunlight on the sea that pleases me. My friend, the celebrated ———, says it's a detestable copy; but, to me, it's as sweet as a summer morning.

There is one other picture which I study, as I perambulate the room of sunny afternoons, between naps—a small affair—indicating a cottage (pretty good, I fancy), and a lake in the hills, with a figure, one and solitary, on its banks. Whether that figure be meant to indicate a man, or a woman, or a large boy, nobody can determine; people puzzle over it, but to no effect.

They say it is a poor painting; a pleasant fact to me. If it were better I could make no improvement of my own. I do not like things which are beyond criticism: but after criticising, it is pleasant to overpower every thing with a magnificent show of the good intention manifested, and the good things done, notwithstanding. Perfections, in the next life, it is possible, we may like: but not here. A perfection, sir, is an impertinence.

But all this time a sad event has been fluttering about the paper, and trying to get itself written down, and I may as well tell you at once. Remember, however, our comfortable rooms, and the magnificent curtains, and the paintings; come back to them—will you?—when I have told you that

my friend Frank, is gone! Gone, sir, to the other world! Not that other world which is beyond the grave; but that old world which is over seas. Gone, sir, straight for Ould England. His sister is with him, of course. I confess to an indescribable shock, when we first discovered their intentions; and I cannot help thinking that Frank has done it partly from some faint grudge at our summer performances; for he was not well enough to go with us, even in the short airings which Mrs. P. and myself took, here and there.

As I said, I am inclined to think that Frank took the opportunity of being poorly, to go off to England. A miserable excuse is poor health, to go chasséeing about the Atlantic, and looking for better digestion in that cloudy England. I told him so, but he only smiled and made no reply; and now I think of it, and remember that sad look, I almost doubt if he had any such feeling as I have intimated. I think it was Mrs. P. and Tidy who suggested it. You are not aware, perhaps, that things even trifling as summer trips, have a certain solemn greatness to women, which we know nothing of.

Well, he is gone; and we are left to winter alone. My father's last words to him were, "*Write plain;*" for, of course, we expect to get news from him often. If you like, I will pick you out when they arrive, such

bits of news as may interest you, and send them down. They will help you get through the long evenings.

What with looking for his letters, and shooting at him as he runs about, here and there, I am consoling myself that it will do almost as well as his actual presence. The old house is now pretty much alone: one servant only—old Tim—stays about to take care of the poultry and such matters; and, once in a while, we all go up, and help shake out the beds, and fire pistols in the dark rooms, to scare away all possible mice and vagrants.

Some days, when I know nothing better to do, I go up, and surround myself with books and papers, before a huge fire in the parlor; and order old Tim up and down the house upon nameless errands, with a view of preventing his getting too rusty. There, sometimes, I also escape on those indescribable days when things do not harmonize well at home. But, whatever the confusion at home—and it is mostly pick-up-dinner days, and Mondays, to which I allude—when in spite of the distance of the operations, and the absolute stillness, as great as of any other day, there is a certain elate look and feeling in every body, which are only proper to matters of enterprise and effort; and these *fatigue*:—I say, in spite of this, my coming home is always coming to

such a welcome, that I vow, always, never to vagrantize from that day forth again. It is at home only that I am myself. Under the mild glory of that immortal Claude, all thoughts are mellowed into proportions, and right postures: or, if that fail, I look at the cottage and the mysterious personage in that other gem of which I have spoken, and straightway am at large in the land of dreams, and all delightful uncertainties.

Good-bye, my friend: it is Saturday night, and the day of rest—God's blessing be on it for ever—is close upon us. Good night. Z. P.

III.

Burglars—Kate and Bob.

November, 1850.

I CONFESS the weakness, sir, which you suggest. I *am* partial to those dogs. Their heroism, their readiness for events, their social and conversational qualities, their happy and hearty way of laughing, and I may add, their high consciousness of the dignity of Pundison House, and all things belonging to Pundison House,—these, sir, are bands of steel. I am partial, and I—intend to be. When they can find better masters, let them look up and down the world, and choose.

Last night, sir, some villainous apology of a man undertook forcible entrance to our house through one of the north cellar windows. The dogs reported the outrage with a furious bedlam of exclamations; and Kate, who sleeps in a piazza-room on the first floor, immediately aroused my father, who loosed them,—all wild as they were,—

upon the enemy, and stood by for the fight. But he had been wise,—that burglar, that bloody-minded and contemptible prowler,—he had taken an early start. Nothing was seen but two shirt-sleeves in the distance, fading rapidly into the dark; and a sort of wave underneath, as of legs, in a swift and headlong motion. Doubtless, the man who carried those legs, rejoiced exceedingly, that he was betimes on his travels.

The dogs have scarcely yet recovered from their mingled excitement and chagrin. They growl upon the faintest occasion; and I doubt if they will get any real sleep, now, for the rest of the winter.

"Life, my dear Pomp,"—I imagine Rover thus addressing him—"Life is serious and earnest. The world, my brother, is a world of trial. Unceasing vigilance,—nothing less—unceasing vigilance must be our rule. Let us never forget, Pompey, that *we* are the guardians of Pundison House. It is ours to protect,—it is ours to warn,—to be always at call,—to be cheerful and happy, to *never* despond,—and it is ours my brother,—I say it is ours,—to die for our masters! *In short*,—but hush! What's that?—— Yow-yow! yow! yow-yow! Ow! —ow! ow! ow!—ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow—OW!"

One morning, last summer, during our absence, my father left home for a considerable journey at the early

hour of 5 o'clock, A.M. The dogs followed him for a while, yelping in the maddest way, and were only at last beaten back by brute force. How they employed themselves immediately thereafter is not known. Pompey arrived at Pundison House in about four hours, looking very wild and forlorn, and refused point blank, to enter the house except by the front door, where he proceeded to examine carefully all the rooms on that floor. Rover appears to have taken further argument. He arrived fifteen hours behind time. His mind now being fully made up, he at once laid himself down on the kitchen floor, as though dead; refusing to eat, or to express himself in any manner whatever. To him, the world had become one vast blank of horror and darkness. Of course, sir, dogs like these, are beyond price.

I cannot pass by Kate, without saying that she is the nearest approximation to a faultless servant, that we have ever had. She is small, but strong and compact, and the very picture of gentleness and decision. She is Irish, but her talk is like the tone of the Spanish, and the words she uses are all of the *pimbiest* kind. Having a low voice, she utters them with a modest richness of manner, which gives them great effect. I consider that little piazza-room as eminently proper for Kate. She sleeps with her feet straight out against the window,

which is only breast high from the ground, and opens upon the whole southern hemisphere. Although not more than twenty, my wife says she is intensely old-maidish in her ways; and if so, perhaps it is because she thinks so much of her father,—who has gone to heaven, she says,—and the angels which she sees in the moonlight nights.

Perhaps you will think, sir, that all incidents that ever happen, and all people who ever gather, in this our house, must be in some way remarkable: and, doubtless, it is so. We are a remarkable people, and we do remarkable things: or rather, we do usual and common things, in a remarkable way. I did think there was an exception in Bob; but I was wrong, for Bob is remarkably fat. Figuratively, Bob is to Kate, as three is to four: Bob being about three feet high, and Kate four, or four and a half. But here we stop; for whereas Kate, though well rounded, is trim and steady, and moves like a pilot-boat, Bob,—is heavy; and goes with a step. Bob's face is large and round, and all open to the world: so is his belly. You think he is superfluously thick; until you discover his extraordinary ability and toughness; and his kindness is what you would expect from a brother of Kate. It is,—I may say,—without bottom. Kate, I consider a good Catholic; but Mrs. P. insists

that she is a Romanist. Bob has probably never concentrated his attention on religious matters, and quite likely—is all abroad as to the thirty-nine articles; but in acting out a wholesome, hearty life, he is, perhaps, safe enough as he is. Oh, my Professor, when will you draw about you these pleasant aids and appliances of life: the wife, and the sisters, and the servants, and the little round table, and the curtains; the breakfast, hot and vapory—the planning for the day, and the bread and cider at evening? When will you do this one good thing, which is still possible? When?

Yours Z. P.

IV.

The last of November.

Still in the undoubted November! A light snow which has fallen over night, lies thinly upon the ground, and upon the arms of the big cedar, and the two pines in the front yard, and now, after breakfast, the snow has changed to a fine rain and sleet. Looking high and low out the south window, I do not see a single motion of life: all is still, cold, damp, and to some extent, awful; chiefly, however, to those who have breakfasted badly, or,—worse still—who are continually remembering the bad breakfast of yesterday and last week. For, by taking rubbers and mackintosh, we should find the cow, —Tib,—chewing her cud under the barn-yard shed, with a sleepy satisfaction, nowise disturbed by two or three hens roosting on her back, or the score of others scratching about below. Among this score, some have been

out in the weather and go about with draggled tails, and a look of misery that is very profound. Others stand on one leg, ingathered from all outward influences. But appearances are deceitful. It is not impossible, sir, that each particular hen in that company will leave a smooth white egg somewhere in the course of the day.

One chap, I observe, has made his home in the front yard. Roosters and hens, Professor, have, and ought to have, nothing to do with ethics or morals. But this fellow has probably trespassed somewhat,—has eaten some kind of forbidden fruit,—has speculated, perhaps, beyond what is proper. He is constantly running, at the slightest noise, under the rose-bushes, or hiding his head in some dark corner. Whether he is a little *cracked*, as we say, or has only been turned out of church, it is difficult to say: not unlikely, he has been doing some dirty action, which has put all hen-dom in indignation. It is, perhaps, with some such suspicion, that my wife who is sometimes fearfully cruel, says to me, "wring his neck, ZARRY; he's a bad character."

A fine day for the little white pig in his warm box! Having his breakfast and a bed of straw, he is satisfied. He does not ask for sunshine: he asks for corn and boiled potatoes, and he will not refuse sweet apples, if you have them. Having his fill of these, he rejoices in

such weather. Go to him, except at his hours for eating, and he will hardly look at you. Buried to the very nose in straw, if he says a word, it will be,—"Don't bother me: I'm just having a nice nap:—rains, eh? well: let it rain; but I say—let me know, when it's time for supper."

Whether the butcher comes on such a day is rather important. It is not pleasant to be thrown back upon the remains of yesterday. But, dinner secured, the house well banked, the inn-door arrangements all complete, the wood-pile well stored, and the coal-bin well filled; (my wife would add here, the dining-room curtains well hung), and no impertinent intrusions possible, as to next week's necessities—in such case, sir, the weather *is* enjoyable. I write under such auspices at this time. On these days, I draw up to my table by the southwest window, which is comfortably near the fire, and yet wholly aside from the sweep of the gentle people, and here, perhaps, I read over your last letter; write one or two myself, and do up my odd correspondence, leaving legitimate matters for other times. I ransack the old secretary, and find marvels and ancient wonders, laid away in dark drawers: things, which I had forgotten, but which are still fresh and fragrant of pleasant days. Then we promenade somewhat, begin-

ning at the picture of the cottage, and bringing up at the end of the hall. One way we have the cottage in prospect, the whole distance, and a sweet little water picture below it by my friend the celebrated ——, who so abuses my Claude. In the other case, we reverse the climax, by passing the hall stove, a beautiful cylinder, in high polish, on the top of which is a boiler, that holds a bucket and a half of water, from which wreaths of vapor are constantly sailing about, and rising into the still chambers overhead, making the air soft as the tropics. Doors are always open into all the rooms, where summer reigns continually. By summer, I mean a temperature of 65° to 70°, the exactness of which I am able to maintain, not without some vigilance. I have six thermometers scattered about, and to keep them at the same mark, is a pleasant annoyance, almost equal to my father's, in keeping his watch, and the noon-mark, and the old kitchen clock, all telling the same time.

After a modest dinner, on a day like this, (for modestly you must dine always, when you dine at the country hours, of one or two o'clock), and three mouthfuls of cigar smoke, the nap in the big chair is perhaps the most profound abstract of all possible comforts under the sun: and it is more profound and more abstract in an untold degree, because it rains such great guns out-

doors. Unless Bob wakes me, coming through to keep up the fires, I can do from one to two hours with entire ease. By this time it gets dark pretty rapidly, and we have to bustle about to get the necessary airing before tea; and so goes the day.

My father manages his hours with a difference. He breakfasts by candlelight, and by twelve o'clock has dined, and is deep in the morning paper. Contrariwise, if we get breakfast well over by nine o'clock, we feel rather proud of it. Our naps are the only things which coincide. At say three o'clock, P. M., there is an hour or two of a midsummer stillness, all through the house. By this time Mrs. P. has disappeared into some household privacy, and Tidy is up-stairs, just keeping herself awake by some little song, or snatch of an opera. Any one, then, coming in on tiptoe, would find your humble servant stretched out at an angle of about forty-five degrees, before a comfortable fire, clean gone in whatever dream may be uppermost at the moment, and with a look, I fancy, of having dined satisfactorily. By going a step further into that old-fashioned room, with the oven, and boiler, and the old clock, and the queer old pictures and engravings on the wall, and the two dogs fast asleep on the sofa,—this tiptoe observer would find my father equally mute and still in his easy-chair before

a carefully-built fire; his hat on, but tipped back on the top of the chair, and his countenance almost rigid with a certain severity of look, suggestive of old revolutionary times, and hard life in the woods, years and years long gone by,—on which old-fashioned matters and times, the chance is that his dream is now running.

When he wakes, after an hour or so, he will turn to Kate, who has been going about very softly, and ask, if he has been asleep: then looking at the clock he perceives that an hour or so has slipped away; and the time was, when such a discovery would have made him very indignant; but now, few things surprise my father, and if the day is heavy, the odds are, he will take another nap.

So, my friend, goes a day in November.

Yours, Z. P.

Winter.

I.

Method at Pundison House.

Up-Country, December, 1850.

My father is a man of method: method and system, times, places, and proprieties. The afternoon nap-hour is probably not on his list, as he does not consider that to be sleep, but a kind of solemn abstraction: an abstraction which arrives, however, with the inevitableness of three o'clock, unless some business intervene; and business "has no business" at Pundison House. It is bygone. "When I was in business," is one of my father's exordiums; but it refers, always, to more than forty years ago.

It is at this dark time of the year, and in these short days, that my father begins the day with candle-light. His breakfast is by this light.

Not that he retires early, or has important affairs on hand for the day. He retires very late; and our affairs, as aforesaid, are of the past. But it is his way.

It is absolute and without reference. It pleases him so to do; and being done, if any action is required, he is ready. There is something healthy and bracing in a good start. There can hardly be a surprise to the day that begins with candle-light. All events within ordinary vision and sagacity will be forewitnessed—seen coming—and if they are not liked, can be switched off the track. Years are added to life by early rising, not because the times of sleep are of special importance, but from this tonic of readiness for events. With my father there may be some connection with pleasant reminiscences of early life.

My own memory of breakfasts by candle-light, is shivering with the chilliness of cold rooms: cold and large rooms, with blazing fires, the edge of the frost not yet removed, but getting delightfully warm just as you have to go out into the keen air—to some out-door work of an hour or more, before it will be daybreak—or on a trip to the mountains for a load of firewood, of which there must be four loads in the yard before sunset—or a start on a long three days' journey behind heavy team-horses, with a load of wheat or iron for the market. In this memory is the relish of cold dinners, from the meat-box at the country taverns, with a glass of cider for table privilege—the deep sleep at night, or,

if in summer, the long, long day, in which to rest and sleep, and all the cool night for the drive.

One other candle-light memory is of books, and the lamp, and the chapel-bell! but of the two, the first, as it is the brightest, so it is the more airy and pleasant.

But we are talking now of Pundison House and my father. After his breakfast, the day divides itself—precisely as the clock divides it—in hours, halves, and quarters; in which, at the proper time, letters are received and answered—the newspaper glanced at only, the more careful reading being reserved for after dinner—and if the weather is very severe, verses are written in a recess, west of the great chimney which stands bodily in the room, six feet by ten, having in the rear a bristling array of augurs, files, hammer, broad-axe, and saw. Rarely before dinner is a book taken in hand. If wanted, there are the Life of Newton, Dwight's Sermons, in six volumes, the Lives of Napoleon, all that ever were written, and of his Marshals, all that ever were written or imagined: in short, all and every thing in reference to Napoleon Buonaparte—with the Lives of Hayden, Beethoven, and Mozart:—all which are read through as often as may be desirable, but never considered quite done with. They are kept, like Scott's Commentaries, always at hand, where they can be reached in a moment.

For diversions, my father occasionally looks through books of travel and adventure, provided oath can be taken that there is nothing of the *Novel* in them.

"All lies," says my father, speaking of fiction, "nothing but lies, fire, murder, and brimstone. What I want, sir, is *truth:* truth, action, and energy, but always truth: or, if it's a sermon, let it be upon *death*, *judgment*, and *eternity*."

A copy of Munchausen, by some chance, got into my father's room, not long since, and his astonishment and wrath, after reading a few pages, was so inexpressible, that he was obliged to convey it all in a look—a look of which I had the benefit, and shall not soon forget. The weather, at our house, is a theme of interest. My father has three thermometers—exclusive of mine, which he considers of no account—one in his bedroom, and one on each side of the house, north and south. They are examined at all times of day—never passed without examination; but the first and last looks are naturally the most interesting. It is like saying "Good morning," or "Good night," to a pleasant companion. Great efforts are made that those thermometers outside, should harmonize, like as the clock, the watch, and the meridian mark; but not always with success. In times of high wind from the north or south, the difference will

sometimes be as great as ten degrees. This, at our house, becomes a marked event, and gives quite an air of bustle to the day. It is inquired into, and never suffered to rest until the whole matter is made clear.

At high noon, by the clock and the meridian mark, my father dines. Variations are made of fifteen minutes sooner, or later, but not for any one day: if made, they are for certain weeks, or periods; after which the original hour returns again.

Supper at five o'clock, and at twelve my father retires. This is the winter arrangement; and our winter includes March. At the 1st of April, the hour for retiring is at half-past eleven; at the 1st of May, eleven—the even hour. The hours for breakfast, correspondingly, one half, and an hour earlier. By twelve for retiring, I mean—not ten minutes before or after, but the precise point of midnight, for which—the meridian mark being of no use at night—the watch and clock are consulted. At eleven o'clock, I walk into my father's room, and sit with him until the day is finished. If he is quite well, conversation ensues—statements and discussions, with proper pauses for reflection. But if not very well, there is no consciousness of my presence; an occasional look, but nothing more. As the hands approach the twelve mark, my father, without rising, lifts his candle towards

the face of the clock, and notes its progress. This action is repeated a second or third time, and five minutes before that mark is reached, bolts and bars are adjusted, vacant rooms are visited without a light, and smelt at with some violence, as to possible fires; a look is made down and up the cellar and chamber stairs, with the same intent and action—and my father retires to his room. After a few moments he re-appears, as if to review the fact that he is now retiring; takes a last look at the south thermometer, a last glance at the fire—and Pundison House is at rest. Any jar, step, or concussion, would now be an alarm, reported at once by the dogs, who take charge from this time to candle-light again, of the next day. Such, sir, is the way we have in this remote up-country. Each day is fairly and fully begun, and as fairly and fully completed. No fragment left: no fragment lost—not even the naps, as they are part of the arrangement. *Tempus fugit* is true, sir: but nothing to be dreaded or courted;—but to be let alone. It is right as it is. If time moves, move with it; and no matter what the speed—the tremendous propulsion—the whirlwind of motion—you, yourself, will be calm as the Polar star. These last remarks, sir, are very profound: I have gaped twice in trying to fathom their depths. Good night. Z. P.

II.

Star-Catching.

I was dining at a public table, last summer, when a young lady came in, and taking a seat directly opposite to mine, began to push against my feet, and to pound them, this way and that, with considerable force. As the table was narrow, and I was braced back a little, she had a fair field for whatever combative performances she might choose to get up. I saw that she was wholly unconscious of what she was about, but having nothing else to do, I concluded to wait till her consciousness returned. After some little time, the event took place. She had been talking a perfect rattle of nonsense with her left-hand neighbor, when she suddenly stopped, and lifting the table-cloth, looked carefully underneath, and there, sir, put her amazed eyes upon the undoubted boots of a man. Her confusion was immense: whereas

she had been white as snow, she became suddenly as scarlet. I looked the other way with a command of countenance, which I thought at the time, herculean; but it was of no use. It was plain that I was cognizant of the whole transaction;—the pounding, and the discovery, and the confusion of face. With a courage worthy of a woman, she staid through dinner, but her color was fixed for the day.

Now, Professor,—I have been sending you all manner of detail, and prosy what-nots of family and neighborly matters, in a kind of exuberance of material; and, as it were, for the sake of pounding somebody. Suddenly it has occurred to me to query, if you really care to be so pounded: not unlikely you may wish to dine quietly, and in your old way. If so, say the word, and I cease.

I remember me also of your dignity, and how unlikely it is, that you will care to be flourished about in this vagabond manner. A broad light has been thrown upon the high importance of your avocation, by a letter of Lieut. ——'s. It is upon the subject of Dr. Clark's contrivance, for checking on his magnetic clock, centrally from all imaginable distances, (wire-strung, that is to say,—and made one by lightning,) the arrivals and departures, of your sky-travellers. The astounding sud-

denness of those transactions must require nerve of a firm texture. It's what might be called walking up to the chalk—or, as the Lieut. would say, to the—spider-lines.

I imagine you *en meridian*, when a big world comes bowling down the heavens, that a little while ago, was off Boston; and a lesser while off New-York, and now is wheeling swiftly on,—glorious to behold—to pass over your lightning radiated city. I imagine you,—my excellent friend, my star-catcher,—posed in your jockey-chair, with one hand grasping the lightning, and the other pointing the huge cylinder up into heaven to catch the sunbeam—(are you there, sir? be quick, my dear Professor, or we shall be too late), the sunbeam, that started on its journey thousands of years ago, and now is coming, coming, coming,—(are you holding your breath? are you stilling the beat of your heart? for we are hard on)—tally-ho! tally-ho! tally-ho! ready—FIRE! ——— And on goes that immense sun,—one of God's great creatures,—(timed however for all eternity,) with its family of swift-rolling worlds about it; but all dark in the infinite distance! Rather high and lofty business this: something solemn-like. Don't you hear a kind of low thunder,—very low,—very deep,—as they go by? Do you ever open the window, and

shout,—(rather, do you not fall to the ground, and say it with trembling utterance)—

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

And how, sir, after checkmating a star, do you manage to get down to our old-fashioned world, and the City of Washington, and the street before the door? and are you there when you get there? Street-walking, without knocking people over, eating, drinking, whistling—(you whistle, I hope, as well as ever,—I wouldn't lose my whistling for gold,—I was going to say for books:) all these, with money-thinking, and world affairs generally, must seem rather tame. Do you ever dream, Professor? Do you sometimes imagine yourself swinging off into the "magnificent" upper distances, and somebody looking at you, through a barrel? How did you perform? How did you gyrate, so to speak, in that tumultuous outside, that still and solemn universality of things?

Did you carry out Kepler? Did you go according to Galileo? How were the squares of the distances? How looked the sun, and the moon, and did you decide any thing special in regard to matters and things in general? I imagine you, alighting from such a trip; your black eyes blacker than ever; your laugh more than ever rotund; and your whole face sparkling with the wonders there seen.

But in these outside journeys, have you ever dropped down through the rather various gold-dust and diamonds of the universe, down, down, and for ever down, till you arrive at what seems the veritable outer darkness; and even there, have been suddenly blinded, by the sweep of the long tail of some world erratic, whose doom is,—for ever and for ever to play, like a shuttle, in and out of that black and bottomless abyss? Have you been there?

Never fear, oh man of science, that we shall put step intrusive upon your dominions. Not even imaginatively will we travel in those parts: but rather will return, as we do now, to our winter-housed comforts, and wait our time before we play with the stars.

Good-bye, Z. P.

III.

Tib, and good-bye to Jenny.

Oh cool-headed and far-seeing Professor, broad and high-browed, and black-eyed as the midnight—the same whose avocation is star-catching, and whose lofty thoughts are rotary for ever: does it ever happen to you, to be waylaid in your thought-journeys, and carried away captive?—to ride a high horse, and never know where he will land you, or when he will give rest to your bones? —to be not quite mad, because you see your way, and have power, except to stop the prodigious propulsion! Worse than this, are you ever conscious of time, without being conscious of consecutive thought? Now to dream, —is to go away with an angel who shows you pleasant lands, and promises of glory which some day shall be fulfilled. To reverise, is to go with some dear friend, who has the gift of painting, in an exquisite manner, all

things which else would be cold and lifeless: and to travel through a mathematical problem is a charming intellectual exercise, in which, however, you are your own master, and by no means forget your identity. But to sit motionless, and have thought present itself to you, —like pigs' feet,—cut off from all association; fragments, and not bodies,—to conceive of all things as original atoms, and never be able to put two things together: this, sir, is a state of mind, which though you may doubt, is still possible, in certain curious conditions of the nervous system. I speak from the book. I do not say, that this is probably a form of punishment in the infernal regions; but that a sufficient Hell might be so made, is very plain; i. e., so far as relates to punishment, not embodied as a consequence; a thing of perhaps doubtful existence. If you say that our Tib is in such a condition, you miss the mark, although you make a fair shot. I will tell you how it is with Tib: she thinks only when she has occasion. If you ask what she does, when she is not thinking, I reply, by asking,—what do you? Do you do as well? for she is busy. All day long she is chewing her cud; and here you see, sir, how happily all things are contrived for her. If she had more mind than she has, it would be a great annoyance,—if she had less, she could hardly take care of herself. She

has no houses to build,—no need of them; no clothing to provide,—being already provided; all, for which she has thought, or any need of thought, is a pasture in which to graze and chew, and some dark corner, half a mile in the woods, in which to calve. Her life is therefore wholesome as her milk, and as harmless; and when she is cut up, after being well fatted, nothing is finer than her sirloins; juicy, and tender, and generous, like herself.

But the cow has her whimsies, as I shall show you. You know, Professor, that all respectable and high-bred cows, calve about once a year; usually in the early spring. Tib had her calf, as usual, last spring, and as usual, it was taken from her, after a week or so. This is, perhaps, the most exciting part of Tib's life: for such is her fury on these occasions, that we are obliged to shut her in the stable, carefully hiding which way the calf is taken;—as that way she would take, over whatever hindrances. She has often been down a twenty-foot bank, in the rear of the grove, but by what miracle to arrive at the bottom alive, nobody has been present to witness. For a day or two, and sometimes for a week, after the calf is taken away, the cow goes about in a melancholy and half-distracted manner, giving out horrid ejaculations, and running at every thing which has the remo-

test resemblance to a calf. But after a few days, these die away into low wails,—and in the sweetness of the new grass, she forgets, at last, that she is a mother, or apparently forgets, and nearly all day, you will see her sitting on the very pinnacle of the little knoll in the east pasture, (for I speak not now of the solstitial heats, when she goes down under the hickories), and looking, always, to the rising sun. There sat Tib, this last summer, as she had for many summers before, and was to all appearance content and cheerful. It was now about two months after her calf had been removed, when one morning, I walked out into the pasture, and there saw, in the astonished gaze of the whole world, this same little Tib, being suckled by a great black calf, which had broken in from a neighbor's premises! As you may suppose, my indignation, not less than my amazement, was excessive. But what was wonderful, sir, she refused to give up the big booby. In short, there was nearly the same time, and trouble, in creating this divorce, that there had been in taking away her little heifer; which, by the way, was, like herself, of a beautiful red. Now, how could she imagine this black rascal to be her little red heifer? But here I remark, that perhaps she did'nt. Tib is no fool; but if she has a fault, it is her extraordinary benevolence. And I take this position: she prob-

ably said to herself:—"Bless my soul and body! look at that calf!—but it's not my little heifer,—the black rascal, he comes up to me as though I was his mother. He is a bold fellow! there he is nosing and butting about:—upon my word—modest, eh? Ah well, my good people, while I'm a cow, and there's calves abroad, here's breakfast for all!"

Have I told you that Jenny is gone? aye, sir, gone! I have sent her to my cousin, the squire. Johnny, who is at a neighbor's, took her to the station, and put her on the cars, neatly blanketed, and with a clean halter, labelled "Jenny of the Vine Leaves, for the Squire at the Falls of the Rattle-down, Old Connecticut." The Squire is well acquainted with all her ways, and promises to take care of her. She is, as it were, retired from life: for years, I have used her but rarely, and now she is to devote herself entirely to domestic matters. In short, I have already spoken for the first colt. Think, sir, of a colt from Jenny,—a young lightning,—a swift embodiment of nerve and fancy, kicking up his heels under those grand old mountains! Some people question, whether being in her latter days, and a horse of such high imagination, the having a colt may not frighten her out of her wits. I can imagine her trembling, and staring with a mute look of awe and wonder, at the

apparition; but, sir, when she appreciates the fact, that this is bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh, how bright will be the pasture, that morning—how sunny all the world! She will behave herself with the dignity of a mother;—but if that youngster ever gets to imagine that he is doing any great thing, as he flourishes about the lots, how will she undeceive the lad,—for the fact is, the mare never will be old: especially now that she is to have colts, and to lead a pastoral life, for the rest of her days.

Good-bye, Jenny: never again shall I go over your head, in a somerset, as I did so often, years and years ago. I am safe from that, and you are let out into sweet grasses, and young peas, and all good things, for the rest of your life. But, by and by, as the years roll on, you will, some day, wander away up the hill side, and there lie down for the last time, under the big apple tree by the lane; and by that time, perhaps, or sooner, I shall have done with looking on, in this swift-footed life, and the light of the river and the pasture will have faded away. Good-bye: good-bye.

IV.

Talk with the Professor.

Up-Country, December, 1850.

Coming down from looking at the heavens, and spying into the uttermost parts of the universe, you have flattered me, sir, that it affords you a pleasant recreation to look into our small sayings and doings, which I send you so faithfully: and so we make a happy exchange. I send you an up-country incident, and you return me a star of the first magnitude: for a large piece of gossip, you send me up one of those pretty waifs that are floating about the sky; and if I were to overpower you with good things, I suppose you would offer me nothing less than the milky way. But don't send it now: I will ask for it when I want it. I wish now to keep within my own beat. And let us hope, sir, it is no reflection upon one's manhood, if, after trying our hand in the world's doings, we step aside for a little while, and look

on. There is no harm in taking breath. Whether I shall adventure again, ever, is a question; as it is a question whether I shall ever be able to clothe this body with sufficient strength to bear such adventure. But, I confess, even here in the quiet up-country, to occasional ambitions for that old excitement, the rough and tumble of life—the up and the down—and the "chassee all"—and that glorious "hands all round." I would like, too, to do battle with those ugly mischiefs which the devil has wound about us, and to do some good in the world before the day I die. But I am crippled, sir, and must be content with the playthings of life. Even small things sometimes stagger me, and the most belittled enterprise becomes mountainous. But God will take care of the world, and of its people; and in good time all will be right. Bustle and hurry gain nothing. What is the use of time if it be not to build up and restore, and make perfect all things? but it must be done slowly, or all time would need be but a day. All who have ever lived and died, and all who ever will live, might have been born this morning, and have had plenty of time to get on to the next world, comfortably, before sundown. But *time* implies something to be done.

How found you the world, sir, what time you went

cruising up and down the high seas; summering in that lazy Mediterranean: boar-hunting at Algiers; or medal-hunting at Pompeii; or philosophizing at Constantinople; or again, after a three weeks' sail across the Atlantic, reverizing under the walls of San Juan d'Ulloa? Men and women pretty much the same, all the world over? and little boys and girls, God bless them! always the same: always full of hope and joy, and the golden promises; "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." And always it was pleasant—was it not, sir—to get back to your ship, and to your small routine of duties; for that was home: that was your place for rest, and dreams, and reveries.

We reverse the case, exactly, but with the same results. Having been on a little cruise, we have come ashore, and are not sorry for the change: that touch of sea-sickness, for instance, we never liked; to the last, it was disagreeable. If you ask why we avoid the town, I reply that the very idea of rest, implies the country. My sympathies go with the mass; and to be in Broadway and not be of it, is, with me, simply impossible. I should be in a whirlwind, and die in two months. But the country is sedative; and to one whose life depends upon the avoidance of excitement or deep thought, there is no medicine that can compare with it. Almost every

thing that happens here, happens properly, and with a grace; almost every thing that is done in great cities, is done hurriedly; or with great effort, which is tiresome: and awkwardly, which is inharmonious; and confusedly all, crossing, and criss-crossing, and competing, from which result envy, strife, and uncharitableness. But the rain and snow, and the night-dews, and the early frosts, all come quietly, and subserve, always, some good purpose. The budding, and leafing, and flowering, and, at last, the fruit-making—how gently is it all done. The Shag-bark, sometimes, is furious; but it is with a kind of solemn method; and it takes nothing from, but rather adds to, the peace of the landscape. Let him rage; we are at rest. Let him howl; he does not disturb little Tib. He does not stop the bob-o'links, for so much as one quivering moment, as their golden heads rise and fall in the long meadow grass.

But more than all, Professor, as I grow older, I like to see things done decently, and in order. Here, in the country, I keep a little in advance of things, always; and am thus able to look each day full and fair in the face: and so with the seasons—the changes of the year. I delight, for instance, in having arrived at my winter routine before December has come. With my winter work, if I have any, already begun; all household

arrangements complete, and perfected, and *proved*, so to speak; and provisos made for break-downs, as loose spars are carried at sea; in this happy case, don't you see, sir, that the whole month is before us, in all its richness? Rich with winter; rich with Christmas; well-timed withal, and not bursting in before we are half ready for it; rich with the night before New Year; and the first snow, and the first sleigh-ride, and, as it happens, this year, rich, overflowingly rich, with thanksgiving. Then, there's all January and February untouched; and these, if you have had all December, can be enjoyed temperately, and at leisure. But if December is left until Christmas, the odds are, you will have only rioting and confusion for the rest of the winter. Let us have all things in order, and in proper time. One star at a time is as much as you can manage, I suppose: or, if you have a group, the group is one, notwithstanding, and not forty-five. And so, by and by, when the March wind has howled his last around the north-east corner of the house, and the snow melts from the pastures, and the young grasses and here and there some early flower spring out into the warm air and the quivering sunlight, the change will be all in good time, and we, too, will walk out, and be thankful that winter cannot last for ever.

And so, as we see the flowers and the grasses spring up from apparent death, let us be ready, oh! my friend, when comes our winter of life, to lay down our bones willingly, and fearlessly: for out of death cometh life; out of decay, cometh beauty; out of mortality, cometh immortality. We shall rise, Professor in the spring. Adieu. Z. P.

V.

T.: Joy: Lady Miriam.

In a house like ours, set apart from all business and bustle, and where, from one week to another, we see only ourselves, and the little pictures which we get from absent friends, the coming of another happy face suggests at once—thanksgiving. This year has been rich with good things to us, and, apart from the last arrival, we could easily get up thanksgiving once a week; but the general day being close by, we merge all in the great doings of next Thursday. "Joy" arrived last evening, and came down this morning with the programme for the day. The guests are to be, Hazelbush, the celebrated Apsappleby, who abuses my Claude, and the Lady Miriam. If you knew these parties, sir, the contemplation of the group would be almost as satisfactory as dinner itself. It is just what might be expected

from Joy, who has the rare gift of doing all things happily. T. may have assisted slightly; as, for instance, I suppose, that T. may have suggested Hazelbush; or, if necessary, may have insisted upon Hazelbush. It is rare, however, that these sisters differ so much as for either one to insist upon any thing. They melt, usually, into one opinion upon all subjects. But they have little ways, which are slightly diverse. I say slightly, for I cannot conceive that two persons whose voices I cannot distinguish from each other, can be very different at heart.

But I will tell you. As their names imply, the one is quiet and musing; the other brilliant, but slightly shaded. To look upon T.'s face when entirely at rest, you would imagine her to be saying over, privately, some little prayer—half unconsciously, as children talk to themselves out among the dandelions, in May mornings. She lives apart, as it were, in a little chapel (a wheel within a wheel), but always sits by a window, where she can look out and see if any body is coming; in which case she steps out softly, and is immediately before you: you would hardly know that she had been away; so calm and responsive is she, to your look or your question. Joy, on the contrary, is always in the world, and of it, that is, all that is cheerful and happy,

and thanksgiving: for as darkness cannot penetrate light, so it would seem, that in her presence, pain and unhappiness refuse to exist. If you only look at her, she smiles involuntarily; and always at the corner of her eyes may be seen a laugh ready to spring out, like sheet-lightning just over the horizon. If T. has the look of prayer, Joy has the look of praise. Of Tidy, I have given you some outlines in times past: she partakes of both characters, and is entirely by herself; with them, but still apart. But all three have the gift of a happy laugh, which makes music for all the house. Slightest things cause it; and sometimes so slight, that it is a curious puzzle to me to ferret it out. As, for instance, when we are all about the round table at tea, —after the first cup,—there will be seen, suddenly, slight flashes between those three faces, which betoken a crisis. I have never discovered that it is any brilliant thing which I may have said, or any unconscious wit of mine; but, at once, and without cause, T. will go off in a violent laugh; suppressing it, convulsively, till, at last, she gets a little wild-like; at which moment, Tidy, who has great self-command, rises and strikes her gently on the back till she slowly recovers herself.

Joy, in the mean time, is almost gone, but not quite: she seems to pause, as it were, upon the brink, and in

this manner keeps her complexion toned in a proper degree. Doubtless, they know what it's all about. In some occult and incomprehensible manner (for the intuition of these people is as lightning), they catch at some little incongruity, and go off as aforesaid. After looking on a little while, at such times, I usually withdraw to my easy chair in the corner, and lose myself in a newspaper, or some new book; for, of course, I can have no possible sympathies in any thing so dark and mysterious as those laughs. I do not know that there is any slight tinge of jealousy in the feeling with which I resign myself to the paper, or the book, as aforesaid; and that, too, without asking one solitary question to throw light upon the matter. But I may say to myself—if the Lady Miriam were here, they would hardly have seen so much to laugh at. Not that the Lady Miriam does not enjoy a laugh: she is a perfect embodiment of happiness and high content; but the Lady Miriam never gets wild: never. Like Joy, she keeps herself within bounds. In Lady Miriam you are not to understand a faultless character, but one who so hides her faults, if she have any, that one never can find them. Dressed always perfectly and richly, she is one of those persons, also, upon whom any thing, however careless, looks exceedingly well: only, the Lady M. never wears

any such careless thing: by no possibility is she ever seen in such predicament. Always calm, and self-possessed, and in the world, it is still evident that she breathes a high and pure atmosphere; and at all times, and in all places, is serene and happy as a star. Do you not begin to see, Professor, that here is a rich grouping for thanksgiving? I have told you of Hazelbush, and I will only say of Aps Appleby, that widely apart as is his life from us all, yet we are in the same sphere, as the phrase is. For large-minded as is Aps Appleby, he is in a still higher degree large-hearted, and loves to come down out of the far away world of beauty, which is almost his continual dwelling-place, and have a little talk with realities, and shapes of flesh and blood. I have long ago forgiven him those hard words about my Claude. I shall seat him, however, facing that very picture. Lady Miriam will sit opposite him: then Hazelbush, and Joy, T., Tidy, and myself. You see, Professor, there is just one seat left for yourself. Fail not, sir, in completing our circle. Yours, Z. P.

VI.

News from Frank.

December, Up-Country.

MANIFOLD reasons for more thanksgiving, have just arrived, my charming Professor, all in one parcel, package, manuscript, what you please; and all the way by express, by day and by night, for these last immortal fourteen days that suffered it to pass,—this parcel, package, manuscript, bill of lading, and log-book for ever!

And what is it? say you. News, sir, news, from over seas! News from Frank and Fanny, who are safe on the other shore. Safe over! Hurrah! Do you hear, sir? And that parcel, package, log-book,—it is as fat as an octavo: sixty pages of such a looking scrawl as you never saw. I shall send you, here and there, a little of it, if I ever get an opportunity; as yet, I have

scarcely looked at it. T. and Tidy have possession, and keep possession. They laugh and cry over it, as it seems to me, without much occasion. Tidy has it bound, already, in red ribbons and a cover; and at night, puts it under her pillow, thinking, if left below, some burglar (we have burglars you know) might carry it off with the notion that it was some valuable document.

Do you suppose the papers themselves are very remarkable, that my people laugh and cry as aforesaid? All wrong, if you do. Women have seven reasons, always, for every thing they do. One, and prominent in this case, is, that the papers are directed to them. Can you think of any other? Of course not. For what do you know, by any possibility, about women? you, who are *bachelor bachelorum!* I tell you, sir, that until you marry, you are in utter darkness: darkness,—and desolation!

I have just read this to my wife, who has been sitting here, reading the log-book. At first, she looked at me very bewilderingly, being half-seas over, with Frank and Fanny: but arriving at last, in sight of land, has given me the manuscript, and walked off in a kind of half-dream, the unsnarling of which, will cost her at least a half hour's looking out the window. I take the

chance, therefore, of giving you the opening of the log: but, before you are lost in this, forget not, sir, our next Thursday; turkey will be on the table at three, precisely. Yours, Z. P.

VII.

Frank's Log-Book.

I.

Ship ——, off Newfoundland,
Friday, Dec., 1850.

Dear T.:—Good morning! Good morning to you all in the up-country, and may God give you thankful hearts, that you have a position in the world, and a firmament in the heavens. One must speak quick now, and to the point. This is no time for painful particulars. But still I wish to repeat this *good* morning. I distinguish it, thus, from days which have plunged and reared in such headlong confusion, as quite to destroy any special time of day. All times have been one—in darkness and distraction.

In this little breathing-time, I am happy to say that we have a morning bright and sunny as a day in the tropics, although we are on the Newfoundland Banks—hard by the North Pole, as I have always supposed.

We are now, my dear people, in the roll of a calm.

We are taking various observations of these parts. It is very still and solemn. What there is new to be seen does not appear upon the face of things; but, doubtless, something is to turn up. The ship is constantly attitudinizing, and looking, anxiously, for new views. The huge creature seems almost distracted with its greatness and variety of effort; still seeking "the unattained and dim." To lookers-on, like us, it seems almost absurd—and quite unpleasant. To *go on*—ah, yes—to *go on*—that would be to attain the "unattained," and to make light "the dim." Take the lesson, my excellent friends, and never roll in one spot, like an apple in a bowl; for you will arrive at nothing but nausea and madness.

We are just up, for the first time, from our state-rooms. For a whole week we have been engaged below, in certain exacting duties; solemn and urgent: and, even now, I can but say this one word, and retire again.

Oh, very serious—serious, exceedingly—is this sailing "on the oshun." Good-bye. See you again, some day, perhaps, before we touch on Ould England: if not, farewell! F. B.

II.

Saturday. Another charming day in state-room, No. 11, with curtains drawn tight, and a bottle of hot water

at my feet, trying to coax down an inveterate headache; and, at last, it is gone. I have been on deck, wandering about the ship like a ghost, looking at the sunset, and the sea breaking in from the southwest; with just enough breeze to be delightful, and just enough motion to be graceful, and take us along towards England about six knots an hour: and all this is pleasant.

Did you get our letters from off quarantine? Ah, my dear up-countries, what a day was that! I, doubtless, told you that the day was stormy; but I could not have given you any thing like an adequate expression of the gloom which seemed to overhang the ship, as we went down the bay.

For two days the sky had been dense and dark; a furious storm driving in from the southeast, and the rain falling in quantities. On Friday, at eleven, we were to sail: but the storm still continued, and to go to sea, then, seemed to most of us like madness. The captain thought we should "lie to" at quarantine; but on we went, till just after dinner, the shore passengers were called up to go on board the steamer. Shortly after, Fanny and I put on our storm-coats, and went on deck. The steamer had cast off, and was out towing ahead, bobbing up and down, and throwing her chimneys this way and that, at a prodigious rate.

No one knew what we were about, and it was getting dark rapidly. Some said we were heading out: others, that we had turned about, and were going back; and as proof of that, there was Coney Island on the right. I asked the captain, who replied, "The ship is in the hands of the pilot." But on we went somewhere, and the sailors were getting on sail, in their merry way, with a chorus of—"Yo, heave oh, oh, cheerily."

We went out on the slippery deck, and Fanny pointed up, with a shudder, at one of the sailors, who was swinging about, high up on the fore-top-gallant-sail yard. He was bending over, and nearly at the end of the yard; and, at that height, looked like a mere boy.

Shortly after this, there was the cry of "*Man overboard!*" and a rush of men aft, to the ship's boat. The poor fellow had fallen from that high yard, straight down into the sea; and before the boat was lowered, he was far away in the distance struggling for his life. One or two sprang into the rigging, and cheered on the men. "Pull away, boys, pull away, *hearty*—there he is again—right in the wake of the ship—he's swimming yet, pull away, boys;" but, all this time, the ship was going on, though the steamer had gone about; and now the small boat and the steamer were far away, dim

and indistinct; and now directly again, they were seen pulling back, but there was no merry cheer for us. He was not there. They had seen him for awhile, and then missed him, and then he was in sight again, but soon they missed him again. He had gone down in the cold, cold waters; and they saw him no more.

As we thought of the friends who, perhaps, had parted from him within the hour—the mother, or the sister, or, perhaps, the wife—whose good-bye tears were not yet dry, and who—it might be—were even now praying that God would take care of him, and bring him safe home again—our own hearts went down within us, as though following his still warm body down to its cold, dark grave. Even the ship—the great laboring fabric—seemed to be moaning and sorrowing for his loss.

But on we must go, and away went the steamer again, till we reached the Hook, or thereabouts; and then casting off, we put the ship's head "up" for "Merry England."

There was just wind enough to give us "way," but no lifting of the thick, dark clouds; and the night now fell heavy and close over the waters. And, so, as the ship rolled slowly out into the night, and on to that vast waste of 3,000 miles, there was a touch of something awful about it, that made me shudder.

This was a week last night; and as we had dined, and pretty heartily, we now had a touch of something else. It was sudden as death: and nearly as awful. The whole universe of thought contracted, in a moment, to one spot. Perils of whatever kind, vanished as smoke. They had no shadowy existence, even to laugh at: they were dead; or, rather, they never existed. Nor was there, ever, but one palpable thing in creation. This was evident; and it was equally evident that this one thing, the condensed result of all life, all emotion, was the old Harry himself, housed in the pit of the stomach. All life hitherto, pleasant thoughts, friends, hopes, fears, were not fictions merely: they were lies; and we were, now, for the first time, engaged in realities.

The time passed, mostly in long pauses, marked, here and there, with interjections, faint and hopeless objections, until, at last, I dropped to sleep. When I woke, in the night, we were fairly out to sea, the ship rolling to a degree that seemed foolish in the extreme; but walking off towards England at ten knots an hour. Sky broke up considerably, and a fresh breeze from the west-nor'-west. You may ask if we went to breakfast that morning? No, my friends, nor to dinner, nor supper, nor breakfast again; nor again to dinner. But, instead, we took horizontal positions, in rooms 10 and

11, and there, with heads just so, we had a little green tea panada in a teaspoon, slanting it to the mouth, to save the impossible labor of raising the head.

It is supposed that time passed: as days and nights, with mornings attached: the almanac and the ship's log have an account, and state that it was so and so—as Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and, I think, Tuesday—but to us it was—eternity; not time: i. e. there was no succession of events; it was all one event. To speak, to raise the head, or hand—these were Alps to us. At last, thought itself, the consciousness of any, the faintest outlined conception, became intolerable; and there only was left a vague sense of a sickness that was nigh unto death; but what it might be was too painful to think of, and decide impartially as an honest man should.

You might be in a ship (yes, you say, admit that—in a ship, but what else?), and the ship is rolling (rolling? what is that? oh, I understand—I understand *that*—oh, yes, rolling—in a ship rolling), and there's something horrid going on (yes, something horrid, very horrid) above and below (yes, above and below, and every where, and always rolling, you know; don't forget that), and that's all? (No, not all.) What else, then, if you please? (The *old Harry*, you stupid! the old Harry at the pit of the stomach.) Well, then—

just as you like—a rolling ship and the old Harry at the ——. (NO! stop there—all wrong—no ship—no such thing—nor any other thing—*mistake*—that was with the idea that I was alive—mistake—it ain't me you are talking about, you foolish individual. I *was*, but that was yesterday. Moreover, where's Tidy? *that's* the question. Answer me *that*. No, don't answer me —don't look at me—don't move—don't move a hair, for I'm dead—I had a dream that I was dead, and I perceive, now, the exact fact—dead—dead.)

And so, with our little round windows open, letting in the air and the sunlight, the day wore away, and down again came the night. But not, as the night before, dark and wet, but with clouds and stars dashing along the sky (for so it looked), and the sea playing about us, and *boosting* us out into the deep. All this, when the eye could bear to take a look, we could see through the windows, first down upon the sea and then sweeping far away into the sky, and down again, on another tack, to sweep over another field.

It was Saturday. The light faded slowly, our lamps were lit, the windows open, with the sea dashing close up to them, and so again we rocked out into the night. With the dash of the sea came, now and then, the sound of the bells on deck, first aft, and then answered

forward; and what with this, and a tired stomach, I fell asleep and cared nothing more, that night, for ship or sea.

Early in the morning, I heard a weak voice calling to me. It was Fanny. She hadn't slept a wink all night. This statement was humbly received; for no reply could be made that would give any special satisfaction. The case was beyond argument. But after a little, the sun came up (we are on the sunny side), and went dancing about the sky, and now and then shooting straight in through the windows; and this was pleasant. Then came, also, the stewardess, and we made bold to try a little more green-tea panada, and gradually became able to *think*, and take bearings. Meantime, the sea was more quiet, and about eleven o'clock, as I lay in a kind of trance, sometimes trying to think, and sometimes trying not to think, I heard a sweet faint voice, just as it were, upon the edge of hearing, rising and falling in a strange way, and sometimes lost altogether, and then coming up again; but whereaway was the wonder. At last I made it out. It was Fanny, in No. 11, trying to get through the morning chant! Directly, this was all still again, and I went off among dreams and phantoms (and rollings always), and a strong impression that it *ought* to be Sunday, but it was not; which was very wrong.

At noon, Fanny asked for my watch. I lowered it by the open panel through which we talk, and she cried out—"Why it's half-past twelve: they are just coming home from church."

"Yes," said I, bracing up with an air of adventure, "and Mr. Pundison is having his dinner."

"No—he has had his dinner, and is in his big chair reading."

"Well, Kate is having her dinner."

"Yes—that may be—unless, perhaps, it's a festival; and I think it is."

"And T., and Pun, and Tidy?"

"My dear brother," said Fanny, very solemnly, "it is Sunday; and you think of Tidy too much."

"My dear sister, Tidy is an apple-blossom. Is there any harm of thinking of an apple-blossom on Sunday?"

By what kind of miracle I don't know, but chiefly, as I think, these home-topics, and especially the apple-blossom, we now got rapidly well; and in an hour or two, we were both on deck. How it happened neither could tell; but there we were, walking up and down the long promenade, and about as happy children as could be found in those parts.

But it's getting late, now, and I must say good night. To-morrow will be another Sunday, and pro-

mises a fair day. The night is hazy and dim; what little moon we had having gone down; but the wind, of which we have eight knots, is fair, and being quartering, we drive on, with very little motion of pitch or roll. It is the night to lie with one eye open, half dreaming, and waking pleasantly, at odd times, to look out on the sea and the stars, and then fall off again amid bright visions and marvellous imaginings. And no small marvel is it that we are so far away—1,200 miles from Sandy Hook (so they say, to-day)—and the weather soft as May. Thermometer, to-night, over 60°; but we are still in the Gulf stream, the temperature of which, here, is 66°. This is queer enough, off the Banks, and the 11th day of December; but so it must be. Good night. Before we reach England I hope to talk with you again; but, perhaps not. Good night—1,200 miles—good night. F. B.

VIII.

Thanksgiving.

Pandion House, Up-Country,
December, 1850.

We shall be a little sorry, Professor, but I fear the character of the day will prevent any thing more. We must be *thankful*, to-day, for all things. You say that to go out five hundred miles to dine now, in the first brush of winter, is too far; and there is force, sir, in your remark.

When Aps Appleby comes, I shall say to him,—"The Professor writes that he cannot come,"—and Aps Appleby will reply,—"Never mind, my friend, I never thought much of the Professor." In short, sir, Little Gem is to take your place. She will sit opposite Tidy, and the harmony of the grouping, I have discovered, will be vastly increased by this new arrangement. Although sorry, as I said, that you cannot come, my delight in contemplating the group is, I fear, predominant just now. In fact, I came near speaking out loud in

church this morning, in the very middle of the sermon. It would have been only an ejaculation. "Glad of it,"—was the phrase I had on the tip of my tongue, as a new view presented itself of the table, as last arranged. As my wife was not at church, no one knew the imminent danger there had been of an interruption. Joy was with me, and it was, perhaps, with a consciousness that Mrs. P. was not there to check any improprieties, that I recovered myself in time.

I look now, momently, for Aps Appleby and the Lady Miriam. Gem is already here, and is tumbling things about, and getting herself very sharp for dinner. I advised her some time since to take a small luncheon; but she declined. I have my suspicions, however, that my father gave her a wine-glass of cider, a little while ago: she is full of questions, and little wonders. Gem is the youngest daughter of a neighbor, who lives not so far away, as to prevent her seeing me, when taking my piazza walk; and on such occasions she comes out on her piazza, and cries out for a little parley. "Uncle Zach" (she calls me uncle), singing out at the top of her voice,—"Uncle Zach, good morning!"

"Good morning, Little Gem."

"Uncle Zach, may I come over for ten minutes?"

"Yes, exactly for ten minutes."

And running over, in a kind of hop and skip, she takes my hand, and keeps up the same kind of skip by my side, while I continue my walk answering occasionally, as well as my poor wits will enable me, her sharp questions and remarks. She then tells me little stories, and all important matters of information: what she has done, and what she designs to do. It being too cold this morning for walking the piazza, she has been curling my hair, and twisting my head about, this way and that, to get proper views. Aside, as we are here in the parlor, before this comfortable wood-fire, the day is beginning to make me very drowsy. Out-doors, the fine snow is falling still and white. I hear scarcely a sound: remotely, are a few ghosts of sound, indications of dinner, I suppose. Gem says she thinks "it's very solemn for Thanksgiving," and I think so, too.

So well digested have been all the plans in regard to the day, and I may say, so accustomed has Mrs. P. become, of late, to getting a dinner,—we are all very calm. My wife may be said to be a fraction more in the world; but Joy and Tidy laugh and dream, as usual. I think now, Professor, I will take a little nap before the guests arrive. Gem has gone out to get Rover and Pompey engaged in a gentle growl: (I say growl only, for I should hope her feminine nature would recoil from

a fight:) whereas, a growl, like the tuning of instruments before the full crash of performance, pleases her. But, as I said, I will nap now, if you please. Good-bye, Professor,—Good-b–y–e.

A half hour after writing the above, I came up from a light slumber, at the sound of steps on the piazza; and going to the door, behold Aps Appleby, and the Lady Miriam, white with snow, and chatting together like old acquaintances. Nothing could have been more fortunate than their casual meeting at the gate, and so avoiding the stiffness of a cold introduction. Snow is so insinuating, that I defy any two of the most distant bodies, not to melt together somewhat when under its influence. It had been so with the Lady Miriam and Aps Appleby.

As soon as the latter was well seated, and the small salutations and inquiries were over, I remarked,—"The Professor says he cannot come." "Never mind, my friend," said he, "I never thought much of the Professor." (The startling identity of words, sir, made me almost tremble. You will observe that it was precisely what I foretold Aps Appleby would say, and again I must urge upon you, not to suppose that I have any feeling in this matter. Aps Appleby says what he pleases,—every body who knows him knows that; and

now I think of it, it's not unlikely the remark may have been playfully ironic. I give you, sir, the benefit of the suggestion.)

At this moment, in came our friend Mr. Hazelbush, all aglow with the winter weather, and escorted by T. and Joy, who had met him at the door. "Lady Miriam," said I, addressing that lady,—"I have the happiness of presenting to your acquaintance, our particular friend, Mr. Hazelbush." "I am most happy, sir," said Lady M., giving her hand,—"to make your acquaintance;" and saying this, she looked upon him with her great black eyes, till he blushed through to his fingers' end. Hazelbush, however, is not the man to be easily confounded, and, in fact, if he has a penchant for worldly things, it no doubt is for black eyes and brilliant complexions.

Tidy came in, at this time, and the ladies having all saluted each other (as little white clouds touch in heaven, and then gracefully subside), Gem who had been presented, took the edge of a chair, and looked straight in the fire. In the bustle of conversation around her, she soon got abstracted, and was singing a little song all alone to herself, when the word *dinner* became in some manner conscious to all parties, and we all arose. Mrs. Pundison led the way with Aps Appleby, then Hazelbush

and Joy, Tidy and Gem, and the Lady Miriam with your humble servant. Standing, for a moment, as we gathered about the table, Hazelbush dropped a few modest words of thanks: a thanksgiving grace, compact and hearty, and we took seats as arranged. On my left, the Lady M., Hazelbush and Tidy: on the right, Aps Appleby, Joy and little Gem: contrariwise, and the grand opposites,—Mr. and Mrs. Pundison.

One had scarcely said amen to the grace, when the brilliantly-browned turkey began to fall to pieces before the flashing of my carver. To a feeble arm like mine, it is a delight to find tendon and muscle yielding so gracefully. Do you understand the keen relish, sir, of this performance—the proper cutting up of a turkey? the smooth and polished breast-plates, and the nicely-rounded hip-joint, falling off before the glittering edge; and the side-bones crushing through, like the cutting of salad! Rapidly as this was done, I found on looking about, that every body was already dining, in such a way as suited best, for the time; and Mrs. P. and Hazelbush were discussing the day. Asking some question of Aps Appleby, I was not a little surprised to find that gentleman entirely absorbed. The Lady Miriam had already led him into a delicate entanglement, on a question of taste, so that it was not so wonderful that he

did not hear me: he was also swallowing a large oyster at that moment, and swallowing, like gaping, you know, affects the hearing. Hazelbush was busy, as I have said, in a lively conversation with Mrs. P., but evidently aimed at Joy, and as far as one could judge, with excellent effect. Tidy was dining in a quiet way, keeping a little memorandum, by herself, of all the sayings and doings, and had already pulled wish-bones with Little Gem. As the dinner progressed, a bottle of champagne went quietly around the table, and Aps Appleby began to be bold and dogmatical. Hazelbush, on the contrary, was more retiring than ever, and more especially as Joy was beginning to laugh now, upon even the slightest pretext for such a proceeding. Mrs. P. was evidently going into a certain phase, as it were, indicated by a look of great calmness, and extreme readiness for any, the most unlooked for emergency; and her usually pale face, was taking, gradually, the most delicate tints, up, up, up; as at sunrise of summer mornings, a crimson outline goes away into heaven, and is lost, prophesying the day.

In this happy position of things and persons, I had only to dine with my own individual self, and let things go on. After a little, the conversation died away into one corner, where Aps Appleby was discussing the mean-

ing of *thanks*. What do you mean, said he, looking with great earnestness at the Lady Miriam, when you say—"I thank you?"

Such a direct question as this, to the Lady Miriam, who had not, up to this time, said "I thank you," to Aps Appleby, with any special meaning, was a little embarrassing: and if I remember right, the Lady Miriam blushed, and was slightly overcast for the space of half a minute or more.

"What does it mean," continued Aps Appleby, looking round the table,—"the phrase, *I thank you?*"

"It means," said T., "I wish to express to you, the pleasure you give me."

"Pretty good," said Hazelbush, "and what, says Miss Joy?"

"It means," said Joy, "I am very happy about it."

"Excellent," said Hazelbush, "capital,—and now, Little Gem, what is your opinion?"

Little Gem took a chicken-bone out of her mouth, and asked,—what was the question. The question is, said I, what do you mean, Little Gem, when you say, "I thank you?" "Why, if it is you, Uncle Zach, it's just the same as to say,—'I love you.'"

It was agreed by all, even Aps Appleby not disputing it, that Gem had given the true meaning: i. e.,

that it depends upon the service rendered, and the person (this especially) rendering the service.

"It must be so," said the Lady Miriam, "for we find it difficult and sometimes impossible to thank one we dislike, even for the greatest kindness."

"Which we ought to do, however," said Aps Appleby, "on the same principle, I suppose, that we are this day to be thankful, not for our good things only."

"Certainly," said Hazelbush, "it is not very much to be thankful for our turkey and roast-beef and pumpkin-pie, and wealth and station, and what you call the good things of life. The brutes are thankful for care, and attention, and food, and all kindness whatsoever; but it is something more to be thankful for affliction, and trouble, and what we are usually very unthankful for, at least at the time of their arrival."

"You don't mean," said Aps Appleby, "that a man is to be thankful for his own mistakes and *faux-pas?*"

"Undoubtedly," said Hazelbush, "you are to be thankful they are no worse."

"And do you mean to say," said Aps Appleby, getting a little excited, and drinking, unconsciously, two glasses of wine in succession,—"that a man, in whatever desperate condition of life, must still be thankful for that life?"

"No doubt," said Hazelbush, "or it would be perfectly right for him to put an end to himself."

"And do you not know, gentlemen," said I, interrupting them, "that it *is* entirely right for a man, under certain circumstances, to put an end to himself?" They were not aware that it could be. "Do you remember," I continued, "a famous Dr. B., of Boston; the Rev. Dr. B., who had some queer ways about him, some of which consisted in quizzing every body, not excepting his own wife and daughters? On one occasion, having an Irish servant in the house, who was not very quick at detecting nonsense, he told her, with an air of great trepidation, to run to her mistress and tell her,—that Dr. B. had put an end to himself. The girl, accordingly, having delivered the message, the astonished Mrs. B, and daughters, flew to the doctor's study, and were still farther astounded, at finding that gentleman stalking solemnly about the room,—with a cow's tail attached to the skirts of his coat. He had put an end to himself."

Saying this, I looked around, and was astonished to find it so painfully still. In fact, the Lady Miriam was again in the excitement of a blush; it was but momentary, however, like a flash of lightning, and followed by a look of great calmness. Aps Appleby was exceed-

ingly dignified, as were the young ladies all. But Hazelbush, who had more sense than all the rest, presently began a little laugh, irresistibly fat and musical, at which Mrs. P. caught at once, and then Tidy, and Joy, who was almost exploding, and, at last, Aps Appleby, who soon became uproarious. At this change the Lady Miriam also laughed a little, in a wild kind of way, and the dinner being over, we all rose, indiscriminately, and retired to the parlor. All but the ladies, of whom the last view I had, was T. on the verge of that wild condition heretofore described; Tidy offering to strike her back, which T. was declining with a wave of the hand; while Joy was rocking herself in a perfect tumult of laughter; little Gem tasting an unfinished glass of wine, and Lady Miriam looking out the window.

And here, Professor, we will leave them, if you please, while I take the air a little, and get up a taste for another dinner.

Meantime, I send you another of Frank's logs; but the half—and the better half, I dare say—is kept so closely by our people, that I never expect to see it. Tidy copies it for you, and makes her own selections. I dare say she is not sorry to be busy with it. Did I tell you that she has it bound? All in the gayest trappings. Addio. Yours, Z. P.

IX.

Frank's Log-Book.

II.

Off the North Pole, Sunday night.

My first thought, this morning, was to get a look at the sunrise; so I was early at the little window, where I saw, not the sun, but—the eastern sky, ablaze, as with a sheet of crimson fire streaming up into the heavens.

It was the red light of a conflagration, with white lights trembling through from the back-ground. My first impulse was to shout—to throw my cap out into the foam—or, what would be better—to bowse into the sea, and be a part of the proceeding: a part of the beauty and glory of the morning.

The ship was headed due east, straight for England, on a chasseé line. A little to the right, and but a little way up the sky, the crimson sheet presently gave way —consumed itself, as it were—and the sun came blazing down upon the sea, giving all that portion a flush

of light and splendor. To the north and west, was the shade of the picture; and far away as the eye could reach, were the white caps lifting, and lifting, one after another; and occasionally a line of them, like breakers, all going up as with a shout. And between these pictures, with her royals and studding-sails all set, dashed the ship. I ran about the deck, in a kind of burst of thanksgiving, exclaiming to every body, and being continually overwhelmed with the grandeur and beauty of the scene.

We staid on deck all the morning, singing your up-country hymns, until about eleven o'clock, when the light suddenly got dim, and a vast body of mist and cloud came dashing in from the west, with rain, fine and small, like the snow which falls in keen cold weather, the wind, at the same time, increasing, with an occasional emphasis, by way of a white squall from the north—transverse to the main current—which would give the ship a rough shake, and pass on.

It was almost as though the night had fallen upon the mid-day.

About three o'clock, the blue sky came out again over half the heavens, under which the sea, now much higher than before, was tossing in broken masses; and far away in the west, behind a cloud, the sun was pour-

ing down a shower of golden light, over a wide tract, glimpses only of which we got, as we went up on the high seas that lifted the ship on a line with that horizon.

Such has been our Sunday, here in the mid-Atlantic; and you may write it in gold, that it is possible for this our life to be a thing of beauty and surpassing glory: not always heavy with care, not always dull with pain and sickness, or bent with grief, or dark with sorrow and crime, but now and then—for a morning, or for a day (and why not, some day, *for ever?*)—a thing of wonder and thanksgiving. Life, the converse of death: the embodiment of joy. Oh, my dear up-countries, if it is not this, in its pure abstraction—in its final intent—of what use is it, that God has made us? What mockery of design—what failure of accomplishment—in One who is all wise, all good, all powerful.

Such has been this day which has now passed by, and gone up to be on record for ever. Peace be with it; and with all its deeds God's infinite grace, that so it be not wholly unacceptable on that great day, to which all others must render their final account.

II.

Mid-Atlantic, Tuesday night,
Three bells of the Second Watch.

Continually, and continually. That is to say, always: *for ever.* By which I mean that we have had forty-

eight hours of the most remarkable pounding, and thumping, and universal rolling withal, that were ever put together in the same company. An arrangement that would have given us part at a time, would have suited better; but here we must submit; and we have submitted,—receiving all and every thing that came, in solemn silence; sipping a little green tea again, or mouthing a cracker, and all day, and all the long nights, still as children put to bed after a hard day's frolic. Some day, if we live (and, as to that, we make no conjecture), but, *if* we live, we will tell you all about it. 270 miles we have made, to-day—with roll, pound, tramp, smash, and so forth. I understand, now, the meaning of the word *fury*. Good night.

III.

In a gale of wind,
Thursday, one o'clock.

I was saying, the other day, that the word *fury* was expressive. "Like fury," we used to say; and the phrase should be kept as only properly applicable to a ship rolling in these pounding seas. To-day, although in a gale, we are more quiet. With topsails and a fore-mainsail only, we are dashing on, at a quicker rate than we have made yet; but with vastly more self-possession, than in those large tumblings of the last few

days. That was "*like fury.*" This motion is that of a race-horse, on a straight course, timing his distances with a certainty of swiftness and ease, that is calm almost as repose itself. Our cabin sky-light being closed, I write you from the floor of my state-room, my feet braced against the lounge-drawers drawn out, and my back against the lower berth.

The storm is increasing, the rain pouring down in sheets, and the sky drawn close and dark about the ship, and still she rides on beautifully. I wouldn't make any change in the proceedings, now, for all the world. If the clerk of the weather would hear me, I should say—"Keep her so." We have a little variety, however; squalls,—like great black-winged animals, flying about, at random,—come down upon us, right across the main track; and occasionally a big sea walks up the promenade deck, but, finding us very busy in getting on, walks off again; growling, always, because we can't possibly stay and be knocked about, as we were yesterday. Oh, no, we are up now for England: England—Ho! Bowse and away! bowse and away! and now a little more yet, and a little more, and still one knot more, and *now*—we are all right. Beautiful, exceedingly!

"Keep her so, my good clerk. Keep her so!"

IV.

Friday, five bells.

There is variety even in sea-sickness. You may have a cord binding your temples, and tied tight behind; or, if you prefer it, there is a combination of this with the legitimate nausea, which is the extreme, perhaps, of what may be done, in this way, and is next door to death itself. With this, you lie in your berth, straight, with your feet pressing a bottle of hot water, if you have that luxury, and try with closed eyes to ignore every possible thought, or shadow of a thought, that may present itself.

If any one approaches, you raise your hand slowly, and wave it very gently, to express the word *hush;* and to intimate to any bystander, that being on the confines, so to speak, the slightest whisper might be fatal.

Then you think of darkness and nothingness, and what the brain is made of, and whether the world has gone out like a candle, till by and by, the night comes, aud you go down, at last, into a deep sleep—perhaps to dream of the still waters, and the silver fountains, and the golden sunlight of some far-off land.

Two or three hours after midnight you will wake and wonder where you are, and how funny every thing is. There's the little window, looking through which,

you discern a star or two, and the blue waters floating past, or sweeping off to leeward, to break like a snow-drift; and, listening, you hear the lashing of the seas, and, perhaps, the ship's bells just striking the hour—or possibly the sailors shaking a reef out, and singing in their sad way, that will perhaps make your eyes water: and with all this, lo, and behold, you are quite well again. Then something funny will strike you, and as you are very weak, you laugh for half an hour steady, and Fanny will wake and wonder what you are laughing at, she herself being almost dead: and after talking up things awhile, and not at all to her satisfaction, you go to sleep again.

When you next wake, you feel very brave. You will get up now, directly, and go on deck, and do remarkable things. Putting your feet over the berth-rail, with one arm to leeward and one to windward, you calculate chances, and balancing like a bird on the wing, launch to the floor. The first thing that strikes you now, is, "How the ship rolls! who would have thought it!" and away you fall—not softly either—against the little window, through which you take a look at the sea, the white caps, the fine drift, and the flash of the sunlight on the breakers, miles away on the distant horizon. These things will make you look, and look,

and look again, till you begin to shiver; and then you screw up the window, blunder some water into the bowl, and if you can, without breaking your head, you wash your face, and then, suddenly, a change. You feel queer, you are flushed, your head reels—"What in the name of gra-cious is the matter? Bah! bu-ah, bu-ah, bo-oo!"—this last expression escaping from you, with a bitter shake of the head, like a dog with a woodchuck; and then, sir, if you don't go down on your marrow-bones, with a strong impression that you have swallowed the Wandering Jew—you are constructed upon some model I have not yet seen, and should get out a patent directly

While you are occupied below, we will get up a storm. To this end, bring up a great wind, a "storm-wind," so that every thing goes off on a slant, almost flat through the air; set every thing howling that can howl, but with a great variety, and tone all with a kind of burr, like the noise of a spinning wheel—and draw the night not too close, but so that you can just see off into the thick of it. This for the upper works. Now underneath, and in and about all this tumult, create a sea, a thousand miles from the nearest land, where the wind has been blowing about 6,000 years (less will do), and put your ship there, with all sails taken in, save the

top-sails and the storm-sail: put her before the wind, have a dozen men to stand by the weather braces, and, behold—there you have it! a pleasant, comfortable gale in the mid-Atlantic.

Now if you have done with affairs below, and can step on deck and look a scene like this straight in the face, with a brain calm and cool—you will have reached a maximum of exultation, beyond which is no higher Alp, in all this lower creation.

You will be strengthened for years to come. The bravery of it will be in your blood, giving tone, and health, and Hallelujahs. You will almost doubt the doctrine of original sin (the —*alia* being forgotten for the moment)—and conclude that all trouble, all care, all sickness, all ill whatever, must doubtless be contrived by some good practical joker, for the purpose of making our disappointment, by and by, so overwhelmingly pleasant! the ill, the care, the sin, having been all in fun! a practical joke. Nothing more.

X.

Lady Miriam's Visits.

Up-Country, December, 1850.

I AM glad you like the log, Professor, and your inquiry in regard to Hazelbush is natural enough; but,—I have to remark—you are not to know all things. Perhaps he is a young lawyer, from a neighboring city, whose peculiar success in addressing juries is one of those wonderful things, only to be explained when a thousand other occult things are brought to light. Perhaps he is a young officer, stationed not far from us, who rides up, occasionally of a morning, bows to Joy through the window, and calls out to Bob to show him the stables; and after securing his horse himself, and seeing him well cared for, walks in with such a prodigious freshness and roundness of face, that he seems to bring all out doors with him. Perhaps.

And in regard to the Lady Miriam, I suppose if I

tell you that she lives on the top of the east mountain, by the shore of a beautiful pond, it will be sufficient. I will add, however, that she lives almost alone with her servants; and that her butler still wears a shirt-collar of prodigious magnitude. Sunday mornings, she may be seen winding down the mountain, on a beautiful English horse, and a little distance behind is the old butler, who, whenever she speaks, raises his hand to his head, and says—"Your Ladyship." Her life, up on the mountain, is as like some wonderful dream as any thing you can imagine. From that high look-out, every thing in the world takes to her a peculiar beauty; and so much is this the case, her unconsciousness of evil is almost unbelief.

She comes down to see us occasionally, having sent the old butler a day or two in advance, with a note, saying—that she expects to arrive at such an hour, on such a day, and hopes that my father is very well. My father replies to her, in an immense hand, signed W. P., with a circle,—saying that he shall be happy to see her ladyship, and perhaps adds that the thermometer stands 2° below, or whatever it may be at the time. My father may safely be said to be quite at leisure, but his letters are as prompt as they were in his best days. Their shortness and precision, and what he calls—"coming to the point,"—are certainly much to be admired.

Having despatched such a welcome to the Lady Miriam, signed, perhaps,—"in great haste,"—although the whole day is before him,—my father seats himself comfortably, and with thumbs twirling, revolves in his mind, evidently with no small complacency,—the note, the reply, and the expected arrival.

On the morning when the Lady Miriam is looked for, my father shaves himself with extreme care, and puts his hair up in a sort of pyramidal way, with occasional touches of pomatum; all in a style of say,—"forty years ago." Putting aside what he is entirely safe in calling his heavy boots, he puts on instead, his fine boots, as he styles them, and the said fine boots having at least a half-inch thickness of sole, there is not much risk of cold, even in the winter.

Thus prepared, my father is usually on the look-out, at least an hour before Lady Miriam can possibly be expected; and shows not a little activity, in walking to the front door every few minutes,—leaving all intermediate ones open on the way,—and wondering if any thing has happened.

At last, the dogs are heard to bark furiously, and when every body has done looking for her, the Lady Miriam is seen coming up the yard, sitting her horse with great steadiness and erectness of posture. My father steps out,

and receives her with extreme gallantry, waving off the old butler who comes forward for that purpose. By this time, also, T. and Joy take possession of the lady, while Tidy gives her a look of welcome through the window, and she is escorted to the Blue-Room, which, like one previously described, looks down over the Pine-Grove towards the sunrise. After these preliminaries, the Lady Miriam may be seen sitting with my father, in his room, in company with the great kitchen clock, the old hearth, and the engravings, discussing all great and important affairs. Her complexion is as brilliant as the morning, while my father having put aside his hat, shows an expansion of forehead not usually seen in the finest heads; and with his hair still dark even at his years, he has on these occasions almost the appearance of youth.

I cannot say what may be the subjects of their discussion. There is no privacy whatever, that I know of; but we usually withdraw, after a little. In passing through the rooms, it is impossible not to hear occasional remarks; such as,—"In the year ninety-eight,"—"When I was surveying on Lake Erie," etc., and sometimes the names of Connecticut men,—as Dr. Dwight, Dr. Backus, Dr. Bellamy; and such an ordination is mentioned, as at Bethel, or Danbury.

Rarely, but of late more often than before, my fa-

ther produces divers slips of paper, mostly old letter envelopes, each paper holding one stanza of four to six lines each, which he writes occasionally of very sharp mornings, when the mercury is say 20° or 30° below, and outdoors is that fine white mist silvering the landscape and making one thrill as with music. Then it is these things are written upon various themes: the state of the weather, congress, the great avenue, life, death, and immortality: each verse being compact of itself and expressing the whole subject like a sonnet. The latest of these my father will now produce and present to the Lady Miriam for her remarks and criticisms. By especial request, the Lady Miriam usually takes them home with her, on the mountain, and copies them out in a handsome round hand on the pages of a small manuscript book with gold clasps, in which are written all wonderful things.

If the day is bright and pleasant, my father takes occasion to show her his meridian-mark, on the south piazza: with which mark, the great clock, and his watch over the mantel, are made to tally. The platform-scales being close by, he then proceeds to weigh her, though for what purpose it certainly would be difficult to say, as she is not of the variable kind. My father himself takes his own weight, with great nicety, every Saturday night;

rating the same on a shingle with red chalk; and is sensibly alarmed, if by any chance he has gained a pound or two above his usual mark. On these occasions, the Lady Miriam dines with us, and stays until the sun reaches a certain portion of the heavens, which indicates to her the proper time for her departure. On her return, my father sometimes escorts her as far as the foot of the mountain: the lady always walking thus far with him, while the old butler follows at a respectful distance with the led horse. When she has ascended half way up the mountain, where the road enters a wood, she stops a moment, waves her good-bye, and disappears.

My father walks slowly home, and for the rest of the day and evening, is considerably abstracted; seldom hearing any question that may be asked him, until it is repeated several times, and then will answer you with perhaps,—"More than forty years ago." But as I said, Professor, you are not to know all things. Good morning.

Z. P.

XI.

Sunday Night Speculations.

We have wheeled around again into Sunday night, and our little circle is still unbroken. Here we all are by the round table, and the golden-footed lamp, and the Claude, and the great curtains ponderous and oriental. We, (i. e., substantially, T., Joy, Tidy and your servant) are here,—but the week is gone. They say it will never come back again: that whatever was done last week will so remain for ever.

And what is the result of the week, say you? aye, —aye,—what is it? For six days the sun has gone up and down the heavens, streaming upon mountain, valley, and fields all white with snow; or showering down his bright light upon the tops of snow-storms and realms of cloud-land,—covering whole states—and nowhere one quivering ray going through into the milky twilight

below. Six long winter nights we have crawled shivering to-bed, and laid ourselves straight out, seeking for oblivion, as in the shadow of death: some going away into deep and calm slumber,—waking in the still night to draw closer the blankets around them: some tossing lazily in uneasy dreams, and waking at daylight to hear Bob scratching at the hall stove: six breakfasts, six dinners, and six suppers: a trifle of sausage, mutton, and roast-beef, some little of corn-starch, and quantities of buckwheat-cakes,—and the week is gone! Whereaway, oh Professor, whereaway! Ah! sir, wherever away, it is not lost! We shall meet it again, one day, and strange as it may seem, it will be this same vanished but inevitable last week.

We talk, sir, of the fear of death: should we not rather fear to live? Are you so firm of step, are all your tempers so happily mixed, are you so at peace with the world that you can say to next week—"Come on, my hearty?" The fear of death, in itself, is idle: it is the fear of this mixed and tottering life, which is, or should be, of any force in human conduct. Was it Southey who said,—if there was a balloon conveyance to the next life, there would be crowds going on in that travel?

I am willing to wait my time to the very last day.

Fearful as life is, let us be in no haste to make a change, which, when it is made, is so momentous. Not that God's mercy is less after death than it now is. But before the moment of death arrives to any individual, his moral character is doubtless in one way or the other —mature; and nothing short of that kind of interference, which would create a change of identity, would change such a character; and it is possible that there may be some creations of God,—as for instance, the human soul, —which, in the nature of things, cannot be uncreated, and therefore that God cannot, if he would, vouchsafe to lost souls the gift of annihilation.

But one thing is certain,—that this life pre-arranges, as it were, all the life to come: and in something more than the sense, in which youth pre-arranges manhood and age.

If life here is properly conducted, death can make but a change of places. If a man, then, can so shape his life in all things as to be ready to shift the scenes at any moment, to another mode of action, I see no harm in living on. The whole problem of this first attempt should be fairly solved.

And in regard to death, we do not often think that it only touches————the ashes. I am telling you a common-place, but it is well to think of it often, that

in point of fact, nobody is dead. I say to you, Professor, *nobody is dead.* But all the hosts that ever lived still throb with life, and as really and actually as you and I, my dinner-eating Professor!

All the hosts antediluvian, all the armies of Israel, all they who built the Pyramids and those old temples of the Nile, all Pharaoh's multitudes, all they who sacked Jerusalem, and the wild races who raised high the hanging-gardens of Babylon, they of Nineveh, and Troy, and Rome; the hundred thousands, who at one man's bidding, laid them down upon battle-fields and plains of snow; and the plunging millions from all parts of the world: all—all live—for ever! And you and I, Professor, are of this great company, and we travel on. A little while, and we shall be gone from these parts, and God will have found a place for us somewhere in his wide domains.

I look up through this wintry sky, and it is not fancy all, oh, sir, it is not a wild imagination that tells me there is a home up there. Let us get ready for that new home,—that beautiful life!—where night and winter shall come no more; where storm and tempest, if seen at all, will be as the flashings of summer lightning on distant horizons, noiseless and without harm. Oh, let us get ready for that beautiful life.

Yours, Z. P.

XII.

Frank's Log-Book.

III.

Saturday, four bells, wind W.N.W., going ten knots.

A BREEZY morning to you, and how do you all do, in the up-country? Your *up*, however, is not to *us*, if you please. When you have sailed into the breath of the ices about the Pole, where the sun rises a little before mid-day, and sets directly after, you will have arrived at an up-country. We look down upon you, as from Pisgah. If we could slide down to you, on a hand-sled, our momentum, by the time we should arrive, would carry us straight on into the Gulf of Mexico. You would see a line of white light, with a wave of Fanny's handkerchief, and hear, perhaps, a faint "*addio*;" but it would be difficult to stop, unless by an up-set, and then we should arrive some hours beforehand—for we have the top of the morning here before it's cock-crow in the States. And we never "fall-off," but are continually

reaching on to an earlier "Good morning." This gives us an indescribable freshness and forehandedness, while there is never any precision as to any given time, but all is left easy and fluent, with no exact and painful puncture, so to speak; as for instance, when twelve o'clock comes, it is by no means that exact moment—certainly not—but some gliding fractional point, as—say 11½, or 1½, or 1 40, according to the easting we make; and in regard to which, the captain only has any unpleasant exactness.

All, you perceive, graceful and flowing, like the sky, and the stars, and the clouds, and the seas, and the birds on the wing, and the ship under sail, and the turncoat stomachs below.

Queer weather we have. Lightning all night long,—so the mate says—and the usual supply of squalls. A few flashes are still playing in and out, close by the eastern horizon, like sword-blades, glittering and thrusting among the clouds, which lie there black as night.

II.

Eight bells, third watch.

Moonlight on the sea. All about what the poets have raved, at such a rate. We have been looking at it; and it is, doubtless, very excellent—moonlight, but I prefer the strong contrasts of the day.

Take, for instance, the sunset we had to-night. The east all hung in black, massive and ponderous; and the west—flashing, and mellow and golden.

In the mid-heaven, a few brilliant fleeces of red and gold, half on the blue sky, and half over the black night coming up from the east; and underneath, the seas rolling in from the sunset, dashing their foam like waves of light over the waters. A little to the north, the ship, under top-gallants and royals, fills up the picture. To this, moonlight is tame.

So under the golden sunlight,
And into the blinding spray,
With one live gale from the sou'-southwest
To boost us on our way:
We have cross'd the seas to England,
And answered the helmsman's cry—
"Aye, aye, sir, up for England—
Up for England, sir, aye, aye."

That is part of a web that I put together in the still midnights of last week, Nice? It wants trimming, however, and then you shall look at it.

Good night. To-morrow will be Sunday again. It is a long path to look back to the first Sunday; and a solemn thing it is to go on, day after day, and night after night, with only once in a thousand miles or so, a

ship going by in the distance, voiceless and still, and no land—not enough to rest the feet of a dove, but only the sky, and the stars, and the clouds, and the everlasting sea. A solemn thing. Good night.

III.

Sunday night, off the south coast of Ireland, } Wind North, and blowing wild-cats. }

We are among the "tumbling seas," as the captain calls them. I call them "pounding"—being the same we had in the first plunge into deep water, off Newfoundland, just as we sheered off the continent, and got into wide waters. It's a crazy night; the wind outside blowing a gale; and here, under the lee of the land, we have all we can use, and a good deal to throw away. The ship is lying low down, her starboard side close to the water, and is close-hauled to main and top-sails, storm-sail and spanker. Whew! how she cuts through the water. The spray dashes the decks fore and aft about every third wave, and for a variety, pound and smash go the ship's bows against some lubberly sea, that comes knocking you down, and then knocking you *after* you're down. Not far above the masts, a brown scud, sometimes in masses, sometimes a mere float, flies by to the south'ard, like the very wind itself; and farther up and riding high and still in the heavens, are count-

less groups of snow-white clouds, lying soft on the sky-blue, and apparently spectators only—while the moon walks overhead, dashing her light broad-cast upon the scud, and the clouds, and the ship, and this all-tumbling sea.

I only wish your "celebrated ———" were here, to take a copy and make it immortal. Good night.

IV.

In the Irish Channel, Monday, }
Four bells. Wind idle. }

And as pure a morning as the golden east has rolled up the sky since we sailed off Sandy Hook. The sea is calming itself gradually, as though after such a time it must still wheeze a little, and the ship with all sail set to her royals, resting herself after the plunges and rolls and double contumbles of 3,000 miles, is rocking gracefully up channel at about five knots an hour.

Our windows now open upon England—merry England—but too far away to see.

On the left, not quite within range of sight, is sweet Ireland. Far away to the north and the west, and the south, just tinged with crimson and gold, lie the white clouds, that last night were up so close to the sky; and above, —ranging over to where the sun, buried in clouds, is raining down the red fire over England,—is the round

dome of blue, clear and spotless; not a traveller there. Look high or low, there is nothing more, save far down in the west, calm and erect as a light-house (and so like, that I asked if it were one), is one solitary ship.

All things being so happily disposed, I will go up now to my favorite lounge in the starboard boat, and look for events. The roll of a porpoise, or a new face in the offing, would be pleasant. Doubtless, something may turn up.

V.

Seven bells, i. e., 11½ o'clock, A.M.

The something *has* turned up—or rather down. It appears that happy and artistic dispositions of sky and cloud are not proper here. Wet and drizzle only are legitimate. Two hours ago, I made you that outline of a pleasant morning, and now there is not a clean spot in the sky. The rain is fine and small, and the wind still baffling; so the ship gets dirty and lazy. The men are grouped about, some lunching, some reading, some looking to windward with the glass, trying to look up a neighbor; the captain not over sociable, and the mate—all length and nose that he is—walking up and down in the wet, with his hands plunged deep in his pockets, as though he were feeling for a wind to throw at the top-sails; so lazy and dripping we go.

But pleasant weather is considered dangerous here, I believe. To object, therefore, would be neither proper nor pertinent.

VI.

Wednesday, noon, lying "off and on" } the Isle of Anglesea: wind fresh. }

At sunrise this morning, we were close in upon Holyhead light, where we saw the iron bridge 200 feet high, and higher up, on the main, the telegraph fixtures, with their long arms swinging about, and pantomiming in that prodigious way from mountain to mountain, sixty miles over land and sea, to tell them at Liverpool that the big ship "—— ——" is lying off and on, hereabouts, eighteen days from Sandy Hook.

A very grand sight it was, through the ship's glass, to see the sunlight flashing up behind the mountains upon the lofty language of those monstrous arms. Close below us, now, are the Isle of Anglesea, and the "Skerry" Rocks—the surf dashing up and along them (as seen two miles off), like white bears running up and being continually dashed back again into the sea.

Breezy and pleasant. Mr. ——, the New Haven man, is about in his hat and full dress, as though he expected to step ashore, now, directly. Mr. W——, also, got his tight boots on much too soon; as to-day he has

had to nurse one foot in a slipper. I shall take possession of England in my storm-coat, and hard-weather trousers, unless there is some law forbidding the transaction at a high penalty. "At the opera," says Mr. W——, with his foot nursing, as aforesaid, "the police will stop you, sir, immediately." "Doubtless," I replied, "but we are not yet in London; and now that I think of it, I have been to the opera."

VII.

Wednesday night, seven bells, 11½ P.M., Pilot aboard: wind fresh.

Two hours ago we had a very pretty commotion. A trim little craft sailed about us, dropped her boat aft, and after a deal of very charming manœuvring, keeping us on the jump to see where he was, we found him (the pilot), all of a sudden, on the quarter-deck: and so, blow high or blow low, we are in good hands now for a harbor. All our pleasurable excitement, however, has been dashed by the sad news he brought, of the loss of the packet-ship "—— ——," with all her passengers, a little above Cape Clear—the point which we, only a few nights since, rounded in such gallant style.

She went to wreck, doubtless, while we were out in the mid-Atlantic.

VIII.

Eight bells, midnight.

Good night. I speak quick, for, *now*, it's morning. The sound of the last bell is just going by. Wednesday is gone! We are in separate days. "Do up his head, —tie up his chin: open the door, and let him in that waiteth at the door."

Thursday—your most obedient! Long life to you, and, sir, may we be happy together, and both see Ould England in company before the sunset.

And my dear Wednesday, before you are quite gone, let me say good-bye to you—do you hear, my friend? Good-bye!

Too late! He is off. His skirts are, this moment, sweeping over swate Ireland. He is off for the high seas, and the States. Well: let the up-countries look to him; and let them make the most of him, and when he is gone, thank God for making his acquaintance—for he brought us a pilot, did Wednesday, and sunlight, and moonlight, and a breeze to take us into harbor. A clever day was Wednesday—an excellent day—oh, a very beautiful day!

And, now, my dear people over seas, we must wind up the odds and ends. This paper must be brought to

a close; the pleasant rooms must be left vacant again; the cabin, the deck, the sofa, and the round table, and the little window: and on decks, the beautiful spars, with their white sails tapering up; all these must be left: for we and the ship must part.

Amen. I am in no indecent haste, but content to go. There has been nothing wonderful in this trip of the ship "—— ——." It has been a quick one; for the winds have been strong and fair: it has been safe; for God has been with us.

But, during this same time, many warm and throbbing hearts have gone down into the deep, deep sea, and there was no arm to save, no voice to cheer, no friend with whom to leave a last good-bye. In the dark midnight—down, down, in the black depths, and there to remain for ever, till the trump of God shall call them from the deep. Oh, the cold, the dark, the deep cold waters! The mother will look for her son, and the sister for her brother, but see them no more. Day after day, and week after week, but—no more—no more. The grandfather will put up his wet glasses and wonder why his boy stays so long on the waters, and he will pray God once more, to preserve him, and bring him safe home, but now, it is too late. He will see him here no more for ever.

But *we* are safe!—thank God! Safe!—thank the MOST HIGH. Down, down and thank the MOST HIGH; HIM who rideth upon the wings of the wind, and doeth wonders in the Great Deep.

And now it's two bells—one o'clock—and I will say good night; and to make it right, you know, I will just add "Good morning" to myself (privately, as it were), which will secure us all the proprieties. Are you ready? So ——

Good night! (i. e., Good morning!) meaning, however, Good night, do we not?—or, Good night *and* Good morning, or Good morning and *then* Good night!

Ah, no! I must open my arms wider and draw them closer, for, my dear up-countries, this is a serious business: a very serious business! I beg you will not look at me, for my eyes are wet, and I am foolish to-night beyond all expression: but as to the good night and the good morning, it's *naither* of them. It's GOOD-BYE.

FRANK BRYARS.

XIII.

Singing "China."

Pundison House, Up-Country, December.

Led away by some spirit, who comes to me once in a while, and whose gentle suggestion I never resist, but go with unconsciously and without argument, as a child is led away by some gentle hand, I, this morning, found myself wandering up to the house of our friend Frank. I did not stop to think, that nobody was there but old Tim; or, if I did, I liked it all the better for that.

All night the snow had been falling, fine and fast, and the wind, which was from the northeast, was still drifting it about in all fanciful shapes, points, wedges, porticos, and such like suggestions. Early on rising, the first noticeable thing had been the window-panes, almost shut up with the snow which had lodged upon the casing and fastened about on the sash. Out doors, save the fences and the drifts, all was white, and smooth, and

still. Down, down, softly, oh how softly, but with curious contortions, and little puzzlements of motion, came the snow. Now and then a shriek,—sharp and long-drawn,—pierced through the house and died slowly away. It was the northeaster. He was come down from Labrador, and all night he had been busy, screaming and howling about the land, and flinging down, broadcast, his fine white crystals.

As we sat at breakfast, with hot cakes and that nectar of drinks,—souchong with cream,—we were constantly looking out to see the storm; and wondering if it would last all day. I shouldn't wonder, said T., if it was to storm a week. And then, said Joy, how should we ever get out? but it would make the sleighing last all winter, and that would be nice.

T., said I, rising, I am going away.

Then I am going too, said T.

No, I must go alone.

But are you crazy, my dear husband, to go out in such a storm,—and pray, where are you going?

I can't say—somewhere—perhaps up to Frank's, and if I am not back, don't wait dinner for me.

By this time, I was in my old storm-coat, and had tied down my pantaloons with leather strings, close about the feet.

"Good-bye," said I, and plunged out into the storm. As I opened the door, a great blast swept a whirlwind of snow through into the dining-room, and what with this and the suddenness of my departure, the women were too astounded to prevent my going. It was only after I had reached the highway, and was toiling on, pulling one foot after the other through the drifts, that I heard a sort of concert of screams, struggling up against the wind: and looking back, there on the piazza, were T. and Joy and Tidy, and my father with his long hair flying in the wind, all shouting and gesticulating for me to come back. I stopped a moment, to shout back and pantomime to them, that 'twas no use—that I must go on; and then shut a deaf ear to all further entreaties. The wind was keen, however, and searching, almost to the very vitals. Before I had half reached Frank's house, I was taken with that sickness, which comes on sometimes from excessive cold; but still dragged along. All the time something was saying,—"Come on—come on—let's have a frolic—a real outsider—brace up, my hearty—never fear—come ahead—come ahead:" and I would reply,—"I'm coming—I tell you I'm coming, but don't hurry me: sick at the stomach, this minute,—don't hurry me, I say, or I go straight home."

Then came the thought of my people I had left so

suddenly, and I remembered that I heard no more from them; unless some little faint strugglings of sound might possibly have been T.'s voice;—I had not turned to see, for at that moment, I heard the hall door close with a slam, and then I knew they had given me up. Ah, if I could have looked so far through the blinding snow, would I not have seen T., looking and spying out into the storm, from the north-room window, her face, perhaps, like the glass, a little dimmed with sudden moisture, and all the time keeping her eye fixed upon my old gray coat, as it appeared and disappeared, till at last, she saw old Tim coming down to meet the said old gray coat, and break the way up to the house. It was a long way off, but a woman's eyes are far-sighted, when she is looking—but never mind. Here were Tim, and the storm, and the old house, and all of a piece.

"Are my eyes open,"—said Tim, while a long way off,—"that I see Mr. Pundison in this blessed storm?" "Eh! what are you about here," said I. "Where's your cattle, that you are not out breaking the road, and making yourself sociable, eh? answer me that, Mr. Tim." Tim made no reply, but instead, began breaking a road, right and left, up to the back door, where I escaped, at last, into the kitchen, which was all ablaze with a huge fire that went crackling and roaring up chimney; while

at the same time, little capes and promontories of snow were to be seen under the doors and reaching out into the room, still crisp and unthawed.

"Tim," said I, proceeding to hang up the old coat, and unfasten my leggins,—"Make a fire in the parlor; I've come up for a frolic." Without waiting a moment, that ancient servant, with a face of prodigious satisfaction, disappeared among the dark recesses of the house, there to open windows, and set the big fire going. I found an old pair of slippers, and drew up to the fireplace. An ancient cat sat near one of the jams, immensely prim, and looked at me very suspiciously at first, till presently she began to purr, and then came up and rubbed herself about the chair, stepping daintily over any drippings that might be in the way. At last she sprang up into my lap and purred herself to sleep. The old dog,—"Growler,"—lay in one corner of the room, and seemed to see and hear nothing whatever, except once in a while as the wind howled a little louder than usual, or a board rattled about some out-house: at this he would not raise himself at all, but growled and moaned,—as it were to himself,—and in case of extreme violence, would break out into a bark. It was plain that he was cold; but he made no attempt to get to the fire. It suited him,—the old scamp,—to lie there in

the cold and growl. That was his way of living. He was brought up so, and he couldn't help it. "Think of Rover," said I, "keeping himself off in the cold, when there's a comfortable fire to come to: the thing is absurd."

I will admit, however, that dogs have a little pride about this matter. It is their business to be on guard, weather or no weather.

Being now well warmed through, I entered the dark passages leading to the south parlor. Old Growler, without saying a word, rose and followed me. The cat, also, came tripping along with her tail straight up in the air. Bursting in upon Tim, we found the old man flourishing about with great vigor. He had two immense logs on the fire, and having opened all the shutters, the room looked quite cheery. "I'm not sorry to see you, Mr. Pundison," said Tim, "you may be sure of that: ah, sir, it's a long night I've had, thinking of Mr. Frank and Miss Fanny out upon the say: it's dreadful, sir, to think of, and they going in a miserable sail-ship, when they might have gone over in a steamer, so aisy." "But Tim," said I, "they are over, already: they're in ould England—they're ashore—they are safe over seas." —"Hold, hold," says Tim, "and give me your hand, and look me in the face, and tell me you're not joking:

and tell me again, Mr. Pundison, that they are in ould Ireland, sweet Ireland for ever. Oh, no, it's England I mean, and may the blessed Virgin"—and here, having looked in my face, and made quite sure of it, the old man suddenly disappeared into the kitchen. How he may have prayed to the blessed Virgin, in that old kitchen, and how he cried and laughed by turns, I never knew: I only had my suspicions from after-appearances.

Seating myself in Frank's immense leather-backed chair, which inclines to whatever angle you like, I now took up the subject of matters and things in general. Growler walked off to the coldest place he could find, and the cat, after dodging sparks before the fire, sprang again into my lap, and went to sleep.

Out of the south window I could look over a wide sweep of country, but the storm now fell so fast and furious that nothing could be seen. Very soon, looking out the window, a thousand little spirits seemed to be surrounding and wrapping me in some subtle influence, and in ten minutes, I suppose, from the time I took that chair, I was fast asleep. The unusual excitement was having its reaction; and I was gone. Nothing else slept. Not the wind. Not the northeaster. Not the cat: she was only on the borders of that land; for the moment she fancied I was asleep, she came up and took

a seat on my right shoulder, and busied herself winking at the big fire. I saw it all through the glass on the mantel.

And now, Professor, if you ask what all this means, and what I was about, I could not have told you. I had not planned any thing definitely. Perhaps I was now getting my frolic in this royal nap all alone, nearly, in an old house, and a storm outside that was perfectly pitiless in its character. What greater luxury can a man have than rest, when it is contrasted with tumult, and hurry, and fearful imaginings? What more exquisite folding in of the golden hours, than this up at Frank's, so utterly beyond the chances of intrusion? I suppose the key-note, however, was in that sharp wail of the wind outside. Let me get away, I may have said, where I can talk a little with that chap. From earliest childhood I have had a strange liking for sad and mournful sounds. They are a kind of nutriment to me; and when I feel happiest, I am most likely to break out in some di-mal hymn, which, for some unaccountable reason, has for me, as I have said, this strange fascination. But right in the very climax of such a time, my wife will come up and beg me not to do so: for, strange to say, the effect upon her is not a happy one; and Joy even tosses her head at it. It is evident she has a gentle

contempt for that kind of music. I had attempted one of the old Methodist tunes, when I first sat down,—being anxious to make the most of my time,—but failed, and as aforesaid, napped instead.

It was more than an hour after I fell asleep, that Tim came in, asking what I would have for dinner. "Why, bless me, Tim," said I, "I've only just breakfasted." "You breakfasted very late then, sir: its two o'clock, and will be dark directly." "Tim," said I, "can you get me a bit of chicken, that's fat and hearty, and not too old, Tim, broiled gently, and just a little brown?" "That's precisely what I have been doing, sir;" said the old man,—"for I remember that you always likes a broil." "And Tim," said I, "is there ever a bottle of famous old wine, (ah, sir, never fear,) that Mr. Bryars has left in some dusty corner, (will make your mouth water, sir,) or may be in some cupboard, or possibly in the garret, behind the north chimney, or may be you have the key,"—"Sure," shouted Tim, who was nearly out of patience,—"I can find ye forty of them, if ye like,"—and disappeared again in the dark passage. He appeared again, shortly, with a white apron, and directly before the great fire arranged a little old-fashioned table, which might have been a large stand, except that it had legs like tables. Standing for a moment by this small affair,

after the dinner was all complete, he asked, "Will your honor have your wine now?"—and uncorking a dusty bottle, the old servant departed again.

Dinner, oh Professor, is the great event, eh! Not often is it so with me: but for some reason, the little pullet which Tim had broiled for me, had an unusual savor; or was it that choice old Burgundy, which they say can never be brought over seas, and yet here it was, sweet as nuts. There was also a little carafon of old port; and cigars I had found in a drawer of Frank's secretary. Ah! what would T. say, what would Joy and Tidy say, what would my father say, at the sight of this broken down man dining in such Palais Royal style! The peculiar thing in the transaction being, you observe, that T., and Joy, and Tidy, were not there. Hurra! Hurr–rr–ah! Ah, Professor, if you could have heard me sing "Jim Crack Corn," it would have done your heart good. I began with "Jim Crack Corn," and "Old Uncle Ned," as being upon the outer borders of those sad strains, which I kept as *bonnes bouches*, and in which I could exhaust myself of this fatal passion. I was engaged in Dundee, when Tim came in and found me striding solemnly about the room, while Growler walked slowly up and down, and whenever the accent was peculiarly touching, the old dog howled, for a mo-

ment, and then ceased till I came around again to the same spot.

"Now, Tim," said I, pouring him a glass of wine, "we will drink to the health and long life of our friends over sea; and you shall sing me an ould country song." Tim, having already laid in a small supply of cider, was quite ready; and after tossing off his glass of port, he embarked in, perhaps the most dismal and wind-shrieking song that Ould Ireland ever produced. It was positively dreadful; and I directly called to him to stop a moment, as I had something to suggest. "Tim," I cried, and with no little excitement, "can you sing China?" (I had kept "China" as the event of the day: as after "China" there is nothing, absolutely nothing, that makes any approach to that depth of despair, so desirable in this kind of music.) "Well," said Tim, "it's likely I can sing it. I'm convanient at most of those tunes of yours. Haven't I heard you and Master Frank singing them, all alone to yourselves?"

We started, therefore, with China, myself walking up and down, and rocking to and fro in the going-off spots, while Tim threw his arms about like a madman, and Growler now howled continually. Ah, Professor, it was very grand: it was more, it was glorious! or, as an old Connecticut friend of mine used to say, "grand,

glorious, and magnificent." But, in the very midst of it, and high over the highest reach of Tim's voice, was now heard another—sharp and sky-piercing, and now, as we stopped to listen to it—low, and dying slowly away.

"Tim," said I, "do you hear that? Is any one upstairs, or in the garret, or may be down cellar?"

"Niver a soul in the house but us, yer honor"—and we proceeded again. "*Why—should—we—mourn—de-par-ar-ted-da—*" and again rose that cry, and now it said—if it said any thing—"Zariar! Zariar! Mr. *Pundison!*" In a moment, I raised one of the south windows, and behold in the distance, oh Professor, behold, I say—the round face of my blessed wife just above the snow, her arms hanging upon the surface, and all the rest of the lady entirely gone! It was a sight, sir! Just behind her was Joy, leaning back in the snow, and laughing her eyes out. Nearer was Rover, in a deep hole, his nose seen occasionally above it as he struggled to get out; and farther off, Pompey—who was entirely out of sight, in a deep cavity, and only known to be there by his barking incessantly. They had wandered a little from the way, into a ditch which had drifted full of soft snow.

I jumped through the window, and cautiously ap-

proaching Mrs. P., threw my arms around her, and cried out, "Give me a kiss for good morning." Then it was, sir, that I saw Mrs. P. had come out in * * * *. This had been her ruin. She had dropped immediately through all the depths. It was only by spreading her arms, that Mrs. Pundison kept herself afloat.

And now, sir, shall I tell you how we escaped from those depths, and how those ladies insisted upon tasting the wine, and making little notes and memorandums (solemn things, sir, to a husband) of what had been going on? Under the circumstances, not more glad were they than I, to get back again to our old established home: to the round table, and the curtains, and the hall-stove, and the thermometers.

T. has said, since, that it was plain the wine had got in my head; for, immediately after tea, I had gone to sleep in my chair, and did not wake till ten o'clock: and, besides, it was years since I had kissed her in the snow. I have been of opinion that it was the wind that made me so sleepy, but the fact, I suppose, is not to be doubted. As I awoke, and we all drew a little closer to the fire—for it was bitter cold—T. came up, and in that confiding way which a wife so well understands, asked me to say what it was that took me up to Frank Bryars'. "Will you promise," I said, "never to men-

tion the little incident—never, upon pain of the * * * * and boots being produced? All promised; and I expounded as follows:

You know, my children, that we all have our little ways: or, rather, our little ways have us; and we know it not. We are guided as by the wind, which goeth where it listeth.

I tell you, very solemnly, that when I started this morning, I had no conception of any special act, other than to go up to Frank's; but, with equal solemnity, I tell you that I believe the whole motive—hidden and concealed away, like fine gold—from the very start, all through the walk in the snow, all through the household arrangements, through dinner, through every thing, up to that piercing scream of yours—*was to sing China!*

T. smiled faintly as I said this; and Joy was on the verge of a laugh, which I checked instantly with a severe look; and immediately retired for the night.

"Zarry dear," said Mrs. P. just as I was going to sleep, "did you get through singing *China?*" "My dear wife," said I, "I have exhausted *China* for six months to come."

Z. P.

XIV.

New-Year's Day, 1851.

Happily arrived are we, my laughing Professor, and I joy to say,—stouter and better than we have been for many a day. We have come up into the New-Year with great force. Every thing round about is so snug and wintry. Not less than two feet of snow all over this great state, and upward extending—it is supposed—to the North Pole itself. Every day come in reports of trains caught fast in the drifts; and the great Southern Mail comes once a week, and then, with stacks upon stacks of papers and letters. Nobody travels. Nobody thinks of it. But every body looks out the window to see the great drifts all over the fences; and the people breaking road, with horses, and oxen, and drags, what time,—that is to say,—the weather will permit; for

mostly we are down to the Great Belshazzar, from one week to another.

As I was saying,—this state of things, for a high up-country latitude, is especially pleasant. It is nice to be blocked in, safe from all intrusion: to have great fires all to ourselves; and read stories of the Greenlanders and the wonders of the Arctics. So charmingly as the days and the long nights interchange, so smoothly, and all as in one continuous dream, if any man,—not my most particular friend,—should now make his appearance, I should look upon him more or less as a burglar. I should be willing to bargain with him, I suspect, to come in the night instead and carry off what silver spoons he could find, if so be he did it quietly, and did not disturb my dreams. If I saw him at the garden gate, for instance, I would send Bob out to him with that proposition. He would be a little shocked, perhaps, but shocks, you know, have the advantage of a pleasant reaction.

Or we might make one or two exceptions. I would say to Bob,—"If it's Hazelbush, or Aps Appleby, let them come in; but warn them not to stamp too hard, or come in coughing and making a great noise, as I am in a dream to-day, and must not be waked suddenly."

But yesterday was an exception. Yesterday was

open doors. Any body and every body whosoever was welcome to come and drink coffee and eat pound-cake, to their stomachs' content. With that view, a great wood-fire was made in the parlor, at an early hour, and kept up unblushingly through the day. T. and Joy and Tidy were to sit there all day, and pretend to be occupied with books, while in fact, they were half the time spying out the windows to see who was coming. I began the day, myself, with high consideration. It was scarcely day-light when I gave T. a little shake, and wished her a Happy New-Year."

I had quite a nap after that, and then astonished Joy and Tidy in the same way. This not being fully satisfactory, however, I resolved upon a kind of April game; and while dressing in a little curtained-room over the hall, and which is accessible by voice to all parts of the house,—called to T., who was preparing breakfast. "Little T.," said I, quite loud,—and little T. came running to the hall stairs,—"what is it, dear?"

"Happy New-Year!" was the important intelligence, to which I heard a faint "oh!" and a little laugh as of one at the bottom of a well.

Before I had left my little one-windowed room, the "New-Year," forgotten for the moment, and occupied as is not unusual at such times, with a stave out of Old

Hundred, or a chant, or an old song, I heard my wife calling to me from some quarter, and supposed breakfast was ready. "Zariah," said that lady, "Zarry dear," —"*What*," said I, quite loudly. "Happy New-Year:" and then a laugh, which rang through all the house, and to which Joy and Tidy added with all their might. About this time, Little Gem broke in at the front door, all covered with snow, shouting at the top of her voice, 'Happy New-Year *to one and all!* Where's Uncle Zach? Uncle Zach, happy New-Year!" and away she flew, crying out, "I spoke first."

We breakfasted. After a while came a few stragglers, and in due time we dined: having no partiality for chicken-salad and sour wine. But I shall not describe the day to you. The sport was in dodging the infliction of that "Happy New-Year:" and usually, when any one was addressed, the party very wisely declined to look or reply to it, in any manner, for fear of the application. At last came night and bed-time. The game seemed to be used up, and we were rather tired of it. In fact, it had become distressingly common. But just before going to sleep, I turned to Mrs. P. suddenly, as though I had a very bright thought. "Little T.," said I, —"I'll tell you *one* thing,"—and waited a moment.

"What is it, dear?" said T., rousing herself.

"Happy New-Year!"

"Oh my!" said T., "but I'll tell you *what*, Zarry."

"What?" said I.

"Happy New-Year!" and so laughing ourselves to sleep, New-Year's Day was over.

Addio, Z. P.

XV.

Protest.

January 15, 1851.

You ask me, Professor, the reason of the long lapse in our correspondence, and kindly inquire if I am too ill to write. It would have made you blush, sir, to have heard me laugh, when I read that tender inquiry. Why, my unsophisticated Professor, I am uproariously well. That's the reason, sir, of my long silence, and a good enough reason, as it seems to me. Do you suppose, sir, that a man whose blood has come back to him, who wakes in the morning with a shout, who sleeps eight hours without winking, who has legs and arms, eyes and ears, and the other free royalties of a man, and lives in a world of sunshine, and air, and dogs, and all out-door glorifications,—I say, sir, do you expect this man will be content to spin out his mornings in sending you small up-country moralities and fiddle-de-dees?

And now, sir, when these great creatures of God,—the stars and worlds of the Universe,—are whirling on in their charming maze of motion; and every thing that *He* has made,—lives and *moves*,—changes and gets on in some fashion of travel,—and is not now what it was yesterday: in these days, sir, of steam, and rail, and telegraph, do you suppose,—is it to be supposed,—that a *man*, look you, is to take no part in these prodigious on-goings and over-goings? that a man is not to grow so much as a hickory sapling!—is not, sir, to open his arms to the world!—to make his mark!—to expand—to enlarge himself—to enlarge the world—to ADD, as it were, to the universe of things? Do you not know, sir, that—*nolens volens*—we travel not less than 24,000 miles every day of our lives? That a ray of light starting from one of the fixed stars, has, perhaps, not yet arrived? That if you were now shot out of a bomb, it would take, at a Paixhan rate of motion, trintillions of years before you would reach the first landing-place outside our solar system,—that it begins to be suspected, sir, that what we have seen of the uinverse is—nothing; nothing, sir,—only a point, as it were, and that in regard to what we do see, we know, as it were, nothing, absolutely nothing, except the prodigious consciousness, sir, of knowing nothing—and in this tremendous state

of things, am I, sir, to shut my mouth, and leave every thing as it happens? to play at riddles and conundrums in this foolish up-country, when there is work, work, work, look you, and half the millions of the earth crazy, or mad, or drunk, and reeling, reeling down into the misty Future, where as yet, comes not the morning, but all lies shadowy and dim!

No, sir, this individual is himself again. Speak to every body to that effect. Say, sir, that Z. P. is on hand, and may be counted upon from this time.

In short,

Yours, Z. P.

XVI.

Jam.

Pan. House, Up-C., Feb. '51.

All in a jingle to-day, sir, jingle, jangle, jam! Exuberance of health. Fullness of blood. Bad. Very bad. Only the word *bad* is feeble. But *all* words are tame—good for nothing. All human *language* is artificial and vague. Beasts have a way of talking. How they scream and roar, upon occasion. I'm a beast to-day—a howling hyena—a black bear.

It's the power that's in me—the *vim*. Now is the time, if I had something to do, to do it. In regard to that, however, I once wrote (it's in a book of morals, sir, which I am preparing, when my health is sufficiently bad) that a man who could not find abundant chances of doing good in this world, must be in a very small corner. *Easy to preach.*

——————— Bah!

Bah, is pretty good, but I'll show you something.

Biz—z—z—z!

Feeble, but it expresses a little.

After all *bah* is not bad, eh? Of course *not:* it is bah!

But we don't stop here, sir: let us see, now; biz, buz, boz, bah. Biz—buz, biz—bah (pshaw!) *Bum!*

There you have it, sir; that hits the mark.

But then again, Biz—bum? Bah—bum?

No. ——————— BUM!

Only it's not legitimate—not in the dictionary.

However, what is Webster? There is no longer any invention. There is nothing, nothing new under the sun; and I doubt if there is any sun, or moon, or stars. All imagination.

Ah, what a day we have had, howling, blowing, snow-squalling. I'm going to bed, but don't expect to sleep a wink. I shall wink, however: wink, and wink, all night. Do nothing else. Devils will be about, and processions of little people six inches high. I know them. See them often. All making faces and doing the silliest things. All gaping, sneezing, blowing in tin-horns, ringing bells—SCAT!

Oh, my dear stand-by, my prop, my great moun-

tain, where are you? I'm coming to a crisis. Only for the smell, now, I should smash that lamp all to fritters. I'll pull T.'s hair, handsful. What will she do? She will cry "Fire—murder," and so forth.

Oh, come to me, my great friend, my quondam, come, come, come quick; for every thing is wrong.

Bum, however, is a treasure: great, isn't it?

Bim also, and, perhaps, —— Bam.

Ah, no—there's nothing in the world: nothing, nothing, nothing. *Nothing*, I say, but this abominable, devil-full, paltry, weak, crazy, and all-horrid —— Z. P.!!

XVII.

Vulgarity of Health.

January 25th, 1851.

It is astonishing, my dear Professor, how quickly every thing wears out. Health, one would say, is a very grand thing.

Sir—it is a grand humbug! Reckless, tom-boyish, turbulent: careless of others, and thoughtful of nothing but the crazy dance of its own blood.

I shudder, already, at the manner I have been flinging about. Why, sir, I was as dogmatical as the Pope of Rome. My people became much alarmed, as you may suppose; and, in short, I am only now partially restored, by a smart attack of neuralgia; which is in time, we hope, to prevent further calamity.

Looking back upon the few past weeks, I ask myself, is it possible that I have been eating sausage, turkey, corned beef, tongue, head-cheese, and such-like all-

fatty and nightmare preparations? Is it a fiction, that on one demented day, I swallowed a glass of sour poison called wine? and then undertook a cigar! And can a man be said to have his reason when he does such things? I suspect not. I think not. I am sure he has not.

But there is another consideration which, though it makes me blush a little, truth requires that I should mention. I was not only getting common, but I was becoming responsible. Before, while invalid, I was set apart: I could go to sleep, right before people. I could be—and here allow me to blush—I could be slightly cr——, say wayward and peculiar, *because* I was an invalid. It was expected of me that I would snooze, and dream, and tell my dream on waking, and no one should smile at my simplicity, but rather make much of it, and say how curious it was, and how wonderful. No one else—it was said—could dream so: no one ever did: no one ever could!

But, in health, I was expected to do things. I was elected vestry-man. I was made chairman of a committee. I was requested to address the —— Society!

Ah, Professor, I can't afford to be well. It is too much for me. It is crushing. My shoulders are not built for it. Let me grumble again, I say, and tumble

o' nights. What's the use of sleeping all night, and having no bouts with the rheumatism—no trembling submissions to some racking headache? What is morning, if you please, to one who goes to bed and gets up and remembers nothing between? It is not morning: it is only the next event after evening.

And, Professor, is it uncharitable—is it ungracious in me—to hold out the possible idea that there is in high health, a certain vulgar—eh? a something—that is to say, do you not perceive that it is peculiarly—eh? (the commonness of it is, of course, very evident, but) what I mean is a certain indefinable—*in fine*, do you consider it high-bred?

These thoughts will engage me occasionally, and I don't scruple, between ourselves, to assert the essential vulgarity of unmitigated health. No gentleman, sir, is ever extravagantly well.

I look back upon myself, sir, during those ebullient weeks, as upon an animal—a baboon! a wandering nightmare! an embodied cruelty, with a heart like the nether mill-stone.

I said, or was about to say, somewhere in this letter, that an old neuralgic friend had called lately upon me, and, as you may suppose, we have talked up these things considerably. Perhaps the tone of my remarks may be

due, in some distant way, to his suggestions. My friend is rather practical in his jokes; but living so retired as we do, one becomes, no doubt, unreasonably fastidious, and we must never judge too quickly, Professor, for the world is large and various. Yours, Z. P.

XVIII.

Neuralgia.

Pundison House, Up-Country,
Jan. 30th, 1851.

I MENTIONED the other day, sir, that an acquaintance had called to advise me a little upon matters of diet, and so forth; and it's not unlikely I expressed myself rather obliged, than otherwise, for his kindness. But you will believe me, sir, that I did not expect the old fellow was going to stay all winter; or that his conversation was so limited, that he could speak of nothing but sausage and black tea.

He has a way of giving me a poke under the fifth rib—a spot where I am always shy of pokes—and then singing out at the top of his voice—"Sausage!"—"Black Tea!—"Buckwheat cakes!" almost choking himself with some joke which he pretends to see in that connection.

If I ask him to explain, he gives me a long lecture

upon all kinds of dissipation, going over, my dear Professor, the most hackneyed notions about diet and exercise; and actually pretending that I ought to live on bread and potatoes. He pokes me almost incessantly. If I get up to walk; if I bend over slightly, as at this writing; if I smell at a sausage, or take in the merest whiff of the ambrosia of Souchong; if I sneeze, cough, laugh, or take a long breath, he gives me the inevitable poke—enough to take a man's life away—and flings at me, as aforesaid, with an insufferable twang—those dismal stupidities.

I can hardly say when I am rid of him. He lodges with us, but doesn't appear to care about sleeping. He is up usually till midnight toasting his feet, and sipping hot punch; and I doubt if he sleeps more than an hour in all night. If I wake in the night (and I do, now, every hour or so, until morning), I am sure to see my friend standing close by the bed, in night-cap and dressing-gown, with a candle in his hand, laughing immoderately. As soon as he gets breath, he remarks—"You must have observed, Mr. Pundison (poke)—I say, sir, you must have suspected, at least (poke)—in fact, you are probably pretty well satisfied, now, that sausages (poke) and the like, are not suitable to a man of your peculiar idiosyncracies." Poke—poke—poke—and the

fellow goes on saying the most stupid things imaginable. I close my eyes, and pretend not to hear. If I was to say a word, I should wake Mrs. P., and I don't care to get her mixed up in these controversies.

In fact, she rather sides with the old villain; though she confesses that he is very rude.

I sleep, however, after a fashion, and when morning comes, I say to myself—Just wait till I'm dressed, and observe what a peculiarly interesting kind of a thrashing I shall give the old scamp.

I proceed to bathe, and get on very well until in dressing, just as I get my left leg half-way through my trowsers, the villian steals in, and before I suspect that he's about, he gives me the usual stab; and, of course, with his usual horrid exclamations. Can you imagine any thing more intensely inane?

I suppose, however, that I stand there nearly five minutes, with one leg out, and one leg in, before I get over that prodigious shock. Coming down to breakfast, we find him already at the table, stuffing himself with fried pork, tripe, and such-like delicacies; and drinking bowl after bowl of strong coffee or tea. "Excellent for me," he says, "but for you, sir, *pizon!* You must have perceived"—and he goes on with his string of fiddle-faddle, to which I give an air of listening and under-

standing, for fear of his raising his voice to an unendurable pitch; for another of his absurd notions is, that I am a little hard of hearing. Finding that he dreads water, I am discovering a way to dodge him. He never approaches me when I am bathing; and I find an entirely safe retreat in my sitz-bath.

As a position of defence, the sitz-bath has evident advantages: and I have always considered a man in that doubled-up position, as, in fact, a kind of battery; a sort of fortification! I shouldn't like to attack a man in a sitz-bath.

Seated in a foot and a half of water, and surrounded with blankets, representing something like the figure of a truncated cone, I laugh at the old fellow, and call him all the hard names I can think of. But nothing avails to drive him out of the house. In a few hours he is about again, and as lively as ever.

Well, Professor, the winter is going, and the old sausage-man can't live for ever. His day is fixed. For now, directly, when the frost goes out of the ground, and the wind comes up out of the south, and the ice goes out of the rivers, and the summer appears on the horizon, and the grasses spring up in the meadows, and all the little flowers get ready to blossom:—then, I say, this, my old crony, will have dwindled away. I shall

smile to see how thin he is; how lantern-jawed: and some morning brighter than usual, too bright in fact for the old grumbler to endure, he will say good-bye, and take his last trampoose.

In this hope, sir, I live and continue,

Yours, Z. P.

XIX.

The Old Clock.

Up-Country, February, 1851.

The winter holds tenaciously. Many as have been our cold days, they still come. This morning, at 6 o'clock, the thermometer, as reported by Bob, whom my father has trained thoroughly at making the observations, stood at 0–5°, which is to say, five times worse than nothing; and now, at 4 o'clock, P. M. is at 0–2°.

On such days, you may suppose we do not adventure into the outer world. If it happens to be Saturday, as is the case to-day, we merely finish the week. Odds and ends are picked up; and a little extra airing and dusting, are I believe proper,—though I never witness such things,—and by noon the day becomes holiday.

Pedlers and clockmenders happening around at such a time find a harvest. So it happened, this morning, that our great kitchen-clock, having for weeks past

pointed to half past eleven, we were very glad to see the clock-man make his appearance.

Down came the great cap, the house or shell covering the brains; and little by little the wheels and cranks came out, and were dusted and oiled and readjusted, and at last put up again, and the work completed. Once more was heard the inevitable tick–tick–tick, the little purr just before striking, and then came the "twelve great shocks of sound." It was rich.

The man went his way, his white breath following after in the frosty air, and my father dined and took up his morning papers. Rover came down from the sofa, where he had been coiled all the morning (a sofa which Mrs. P. remarks to me at this moment has been twice covered to hide the pawings of that dog in making his imaginary soft spots for a night's rest); Rover came down, ate a bone or two, and put his two paws out on the hearth, and appeared to doze gently before the immense fire. Pompey did the same, and all was silent and serene. My father read his paper to page No. 3, when his hat canted back, his spectacles slid down slightly, and he slept. A little while afterwards, while sitting in our room, I was surprised by a striking of the great clock, which was one of the most wonderful performances perhaps you ever heard. How many times

it struck, nobody will ever know. It was proper for it to strike three, but that, sir, would be but a small fraction of its performance at this time. When I went out I found my father looking at it over his spectacles, with unwonted severity of countenance, the clock being still in full blast, and no signs of coming to a conclusion. My father turned to me, and remarked with great composure, that he had counted twenty-five, and was too tired to go on. I replied that it was probably making up for lost time, it not having struck at all for some weeks. My father took no notice of the observation, but immediately took up his paper, and was all absorbed in page No. 4. When I left the room, it appeared to have a few more of the same sort left, and was bringing them out with great spirit and precision. The result will doubtless be that I shall have to look to the old clock myself. I used to manage it, and I think it would be very strange if I couldn't keep it from such mere extravagances, which are so highly unbecoming to a clock of its years and dignity.

Twenty-five o'clock will never do, Professor, even in these fast days of this nineteenth century. I was not unhappy at its being continually half-past eleven. There was a repose in those hands, pointing always to the same hour, that pleased me. Its suggestion was of rest and

peace, and a sublime indifference to the great on-goings of the world. From this state of quiet and gentlemanly composure, to rush at once into twenty-five o'clock, indicates a sad state of things, and suggests that it will soon be impossible for the old clock to ever again get cleverly and properly beyond the half-past eleven. And we must all come to that soon, Professor. It will soon be half-past eleven with us, and clock-time will be over.

The day wears on, sharp and keen as ever; the mercury still 2 below, and what is curious, in such an extreme of cold, a fine snow is falling through the clouded atmosphere, but slowly and sparsely. Mrs. P. sits straight before the fire, her hair above her ears (it being Saturday,) singing and looking in the bright fire. Joy is close by behind a screen,—with her feet going through to the blaze—sewing, and paying no attention at all to Mrs, P., while Tidy is rocking gently in the great scarlet rocker, weaving patiently by little and by little, a strange tissue of gold and silver, and is alike unconscious of us all.

What my wife is singing is beyond any ordinary conjecture. Nobody knows, and I doubt if she knows herself, or thinks at all about it. Very straight she sits, and sings—now up, now down, and looks and looks into the blazing fire: and so, oh Professor, goes this February

day; queer and odd, no doubt, but it carries us on all the same. Whatever the old clock may do, we make no pause. Addio, Z. P.

XX.

Tidy.

Up-Country, February.

As I have betimes remarked to you, Professor,—you are not to know all things. Neither am I. But some things are permitted, and upon the margin of these—the known and absolute—we can make figures and suggestions, outlining the future, as by a kind of careless inspiration.

And, fortunately, it is not so pleasant to know as to guess. To have one truth—what is it but to guess and grasp at another, and another, and another? Is there any absolute rest? Is there any maximum of acquisition, beyond which is no guessing?

Tidy, who is lying asleep in the great rocker, seems to have reached that maximum. At the first glance, she looks a picture of rest and peace. But look closer, and you perceive a flush upon her face, and one thin

lock of hair that has escaped, glistens as with late tears.

She has seemed very happy all day. In one hand is clasped lightly, a note,—doubtless from Frank,—and from within is seen something gold-rimmed, like a locket. Only for this carelessness of sleep, I never should have seen it.

"The lady sleeps! Oh may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!"

Some days since we were all discussing Frank, and with that perverse ingenuity which we all sometimes have, T. and Joy had been diligently hard upon him, and I equally sharp in his defence. I could have said the same things, but I would not listen to the same from another. Tidy, during the discussion, had said nothing, but the needles which she was using flashed like a weaver's shuttle.

By and by, we were left alone, and I had gone down into that silent land which I tell you so much about, for my after-dinner travel, when suddenly I felt the fanning, as of warm air upon my forehead, and the soft touch of lips. Opening my eyes slowly, I was just in time to see the fading outline of Tidy, stealing away quickly to her room. It was her vote.

And now as she sleeps, I could win back my gloves. But I will do something better. I will pull this tuft of lace carelessly over the locket, and so, waking suddenly, as she will soon, she will not be shocked with the fear that I have discovered her secret.

> "The lady sleeps! Oh may her sleep,
> As it is gentle, so be deep!
> Heaven have her in its sacred keep!"

But hush!—she is waking. What does she say? she speaks so low, and I don't like to listen, for she is talking to Frank. She sees nothing as yet, although her eyelids are open: her voice is low and faint, almost to a whisper.

Mr. Pundison laughs loudly and sings a little song.

And now—slowly—she wakens, and putting back her hair, says,—still dreaming,—"Eh? Who is it? Who? Who?"

"It is Mr. Pundison, or Z. Pundison, Esq."

"Mr. Pundison!" she answers, looking at me in a wondering way, "Mr. Z. Pundison?"

"Yes, that is to say, it is I—and what has Tidy to say?"

"Oh nothing," she says, quickly; a swift flush, like an aurora mantling her face: "Nothing,"—looking out

the window in a long steady gaze,—"nothing at all,—it was a dream."

She leans her head upon the little table; till presently the tears come crowding her eyes so fast, she rises gently and with quick gliding steps, like a dream,—a beautiful dream which we would keep, if we could,—she is gone.

I must have my nap, however, and to that end, sir,

Addio, Z. P.

XXI.

The Tibling.

Feb. 17, '51.

I SUPPOSE, Professor, you are able to tell the exact moment, to a fraction, when any star will cross the meridian, or any planet wheel into the field of your upward-pointing thirty-two pounder. You know the very needle-point of time when this will be: so that surprises in life seem to you, no doubt (by this continual working out and demonstrating of facts), not surprises merely, but blunders. You say to yourself, do you not, when extraordinary things occur, "I should have known this: I *could* have known it: I *ought* to have known it."

Such was our case on Sunday morning, when it was announced through the whole house—the report reaching even to my dressing-room—that our Tib had a little heifer!

Of all the household my father only was entirely

calm. He has an account of every thing in red chalk, and was prepared. Not so Bob, who was so excited that he flew out bareheaded and barefooted, and in his shirt only, though the morning was raw and pointedly disagreeable. The first impressions to any creature arriving in the world, in such weather, must be dismal to a degree.

I went out in the afternoon to look at the arrival, but discovered nothing of special note. It is very calf-y; blunders and kicks about, apparently to the entire satisfaction of Tib, who says "boo—boo," to all its performances, and looks a world of delight: a continual stare of wonder and fear.

The dogs walked down stiffly, with their tails curled tightly on their backs, and looked through the pickets with one foot lifted, and their noses twisting about as they snuffed delicately at the prodigy. This was as much as they dare do; so fierce is the mother. Rover evidently remembers how she chased him last summer the whole length of the pasture, he escaping, as you may say, only by the skin of his teeth, and a quick jump at a six-foot fence. I say he appears to remember that transaction. But it is very easy to stand at a distance and bark; and a more outlandish thing than a calf, doubtless, a dog never saw. As to that thief of a black

rascal that stole into the pasture last summer, and got the blind side of Tib, his day is up. His expectations, if he had any, must be effectually quashed by this event.

As I have said, the calfishness of this heifer is a perfect success. Nothing could be more satisfactorily awkward to its mother, one would say, than its buttings, its sudden paralytic shocks, its exquisite blunderheadedness. In fact, I believe Tib is content. All day she stands by the stable door, waiting the joyous moment when this charming piece of awkwardness will be let out for her supper. What a great time is that! What boo-ooings, and ululations! What wild looks against any possible enemy! Fiery dragons, as it were, in her eyes, mingled with such swimming devotion to that booby of a calf.

Stand back, she says, stand back, all of you that don't want to be torn into ten thousand fragments, while my little heifer is getting her supper. Boo-oo! boo-oo!

On the whole, it was pleasant to have this happen on Sunday. Certainly no reasonable man could object, all things considered—I say no one could object to it. I will not deny, however, that it gave the day rather a festive character: too much so, I mean. Blustering and sour as was the weather, I went twice to church—a rare circumstance—and rarer still, my wife caught herself, just at twilight, singing "Love Not," mistaking it for

"Come ye disconsolate." Now, this happens not unfrequently to myself—I mean the singing, for one or two abstracted moments, some song or melancholy air, thinking it to be a solemn hymn suitable for the day. My wife is quick to detect such improprieties, and does it in her happiest way, but with a serious earnestness that is always successful. I need not say, therefore, how inexpressibly shocked she was to-day, when she discovered herself humming such a profane song.

Good-bye, Professor. We intend to raise this young Tibling; and, next summer, if you come up, you shall put eyes on the beauty. Like her mother, she is of a beautiful red color, and her back straight as a hickory sapling. Yours, Z. P.

XXII.

The Late Morning.

Up-Country, Feb., 1851.

But a few days since, sir, I wrote you of weather so cold and sharp—five below the Zero—and now it is raining slowly, and the quicksilver has gone up to 46. The snow is fast leaving the meadows, and in the hollows little ponds are forming, and discharging here and there into the highway, or down the river-bank. The sky is dark and clouded every where, but the wind having retired, it is still and silent as was that dreamy and clock-striking Saturday.

So is it out of doors; and in-doors it is the hour when we are usually quiet. It is three o'clock, P. M.; and I am but just breakfasted. All the morning I staid in bed, too poorly to rise, and hardly ill enough to so waste a whole half day out of a life so short. Now and then I made little efforts, but sank back again, easily,

and went on dozing and half-dreaming, and caring precious little, I suspect, for the great world and its doings. Said Tennyson (though I doubt if he ever meant to say it in print)—

> Half the night I waste in sighs;
> Half, in dreams I sorrow after
> The hand, the lip, the eyes,
> The winsome laughter!

Not so do I. I waste no time upon sighs; and as to the hand, the lip, the eyes, the winsome laughter, I see them and hear them all day.

But most always in sleep, when I am well, or convalescing, I come upon dream-pictures, long since completed and perfected. One is among mountains (a wide river flowing smoothly between), where always upon rounding a spur—which I do with a full consciousness of the pleasure to come—down falls a beautiful cataract, wonderful to see! Sometimes a friend who is with me, slips off the brink and goes sheer down into the foam, upon which I descend hastily, and grasping him by his coat-tail, draw him out safely; and then we climb up and take another look, and wonder and are astonished beyond all expression. Shortly after this, it is time to wake. (My friend never drowns, or is any thing more

than pleasantly shocked: I have already pulled him out three times this winter.)

At eleven this morning, the mail arrived, and T. brought me up the letters. I roused myself sufficiently to go through with one from Aps Appleby, and one from the great city; and to look at the cards of two people who have been so thoughtful as to send up from town, an invitation to their wedding.

This broke in upon my dreams, and at last, with an heroic effort, I arose for the day.

As I said, I have but breakfasted; but already the night is about to overshadow us: so dark and heavy is the sky. The house is unwontedly still. T. and Joy are up somewhere in those summer rooms, whither the white steam from the copper on the hall-stove curls itself lazily, the waters surging about like the low wash of the sea under the windows of a ship. Tidy sits opposite in a scarlet jacket, swaying gently about in the great rocker; and still weaving—nobody knows what—from those golden and silver stuffs which lie flashing in her lap like brilliants. My father, having just been through to look at the weather from the front door, has returned again to his room, and is busy with the Saturday papers.

Was I dreaming this morning, or am I dreaming

now? So still is it, and my brain so light from fasting, thought floats away and leads me captive. My will goes from me, and I am as a man in some enchanted land. Is it more life now—I ask myself—than it was last night, in among those steep mountains, and by that strange waterfall?

It is well that not all the world are so idle. Doubtless, all this day throughout the wide land (and to roll on all through the long night) the iron trains have been glancing over valleys, and around and through mountain-spurs, stopping for a moment, here and there, and then pushing on again with their hundreds and five hundreds of men and women, all bound for somewhere, and up for the day. Up and down the streets of the great cities, has pressed on—and still press on—the crowd; busy, busy, and for ever busy: not dozing in still chambers, but up for the day. Out on the deep, the sailor boy has been aloft, rocking upon the broad arms of the ship and plunging in the foam; and all over the land, people have been up and about, thrashing out something, whether in golden dreams, or the golden wheat. High in the Arctic seas, ships are riding in the ice-fields, with the pale sun glimmering every where upon the white expanse; and afar away in the western wilds, here and there among the jagged mountains

small companies of haggard men and women, half crazed, half starved, but still with bright dreams of a home over the mountains, are struggling on to the land of gold: and so crazed are they with this brilliant to-morrow, they would hardly exchange with me, for my warm rooms and my up-country repose.

The night comes. Slowly, slowly, over all: the rail-car and the steamer, the hurrying citizen and the sailor-boy aloft, the ice-bound ship and the starving emigrant, —slowly, slowly, comes the night. Mother of all beautiful imaginings, home of all fantasies, weaver of things brighter than all precious stones; welcome, welcome the night.

XXIII.

Mr. Pundison's Grandfather.

March, Up-Country, 1851.

In these hard winter days, Professor, I step back occasionally into the silent years of the Past. So it has happened that I have been thinking, this morning, of my grandfather, as I remember him twenty and twenty-five years ago: his hair-lip, his garments of ancient cut, and the shovel hat, not unlike the kind now worn by the English Bishops. I saw much of him in those days, as only a garden separated his house from my father's. (I am talking now of twenty years ago: as my father has his "forty years ago," so I have my twenty.)

My father was an adventurous young man, going here and there about the world as suited his humor. He came over from —— South Farms, married one of the old gentleman's daughters, and built him a large stylish house just at the end of my grandfather's garden. Both houses were close by the road, and the road was

narrow; but on either side was a strip of grass, and in process of time, I appeared and began ball-playing upon the green strip, on the west side of the road.

At these times, on summer mornings, when we were getting well warm at bass-ball or wicket, my grandfather would be seen coming out of his little swing-gate, with the big hat aforesaid, and a cane. He enjoyed the game as much as the youngest of us, but came mainly to see fair play and decide mooted points.

Putting on his glasses, he seated himself in the shade on the eastern piazza, and first carefully removed his hat, and then, as carefully,—his coat and shoes, which were to be put on again after he was thoroughly aired—in regard to which he had a theory which he discussed with my father, who had a very different theory, and always wore boots. They never could agree, but it was a standing topic, year after year.

At this time poplars were growing before the house, and dozens of blackbirds would be chattering in the great crotches, where the trees had been cut off; and their singing was part of the entertainment. My grandfather's remarks, as he sat with his coat off on the piazza and talked to us and to himself,—the shouts of the boys, and the gabble of those birds,—they were all in a mix, but all pleasant and jovial.

Sometimes, indeed, a little sharpened by sudden disputation, but soon to be smoothed down by my grandfather's winning way, and the pleasant sport to go on again more jubilant than ever; and in a manner expressive, as we may say, of very high times.

Those were the days, my old friend, when we said *Codfish!* and *By thunder! Jimminetty!* and *Gosh!* —but not very safely within hearing of the elders. The simpler forms, however, as *c—d f—sh!* and *g—sh!* (we must be proper now) were permitted, I believe; but always considered a great privilege: a luxury, to be used rarely.

Ah, what would I not give for a picture of my grandfather, as he looked in those *by-thunder* days under the poplars: or, as he sat in his great chair, in the old beam-hung kitchen, across the garden: or, still better, as he looked in the great corner-pew of the old meeting-house. It is strange that I remember, now, but one prayer-meeting in the old meeting-house: one only, though it is doubtless a fair type of the many that I must have attended. On this occasion I carried my flute, to give my grandfather the key-note and accompaniment.—*Wells* was an especial favorite of his; we undoubtedly sang it at this time, followed by *Mear*, and it's not unlikely we may have had *China:* for *China*—was of those days.

I was not afraid of playing the flute. It was easy enough, and I liked to get an occasional look at my grandfather's face, the action of which might have been said to be a separate tune. I mean to say, that if the old gentleman had uttered no voice, but merely made the faces he did, it would have been as good as the best funeral hymn you ever heard. So massive and vigorous was the action.

By humoring my grandfather's movement, I was able to keep in company with him, and we all came out together, save Aunt Patty, who, sitting some distance off, was always unfortunate in this respect. She seldom arrived in time. As she sang second treble, it was usually a kind of gentle descent, as of sliding down hill, which she had to make, and as she had a sweet voice, this last movement was always a pleasant one. After waiting until Aunt Patty had arrived, which my grandfather did very soberly, looking for a moment over his spectacles in her direction, he proceeded to deacon out the next stanza, and again I screwed my mouth down to the flute, and giving the key-note, away we started again; and sometimes I thought the movement altogether was very grand. It would have eased me very much—so excited did I get, when there were many voices—if I could have made faces like my grandfather,

but of course that was impossible. (I made a continual face with my flute.) Again we came to a close, and again Aunt Patty would be found upon the top of that high note, from which she descended with a flourish and easy grace that were inimitable.

Under the singer's gallery sat Uncle L——, with a bandanna round his head. He was a deacon. In another square pew, was Capt. Barny——, red-faced and farmer-like. Opposite our pew, Squire —— was to be seen; tall, gaunt and oratorical. Some one would now be called upon to pray. Sometimes it would be my grandfather himself, but it is strange that I do not remember much about his prayers. But Captain Barny's are sounding in my ears at this moment. His prayer began usually in a quiet way, but proceeded rapidly to quick and sobbing petitions, and importunate wrestlings with the giver of all grace. I remember that it always seemed strange to me, at first, that Capt. —— should get so suddenly excited, but before he closed, my heart would begin to throb, my eyes fill with tears, and I would be borne away and away, with the same spirit.

After the captain, would rise, perhaps, the tall form of Squire ——. After the earnestness of the former, the squire seemed very cold and stately. There was no hesitation in his manner, but a deliberate statement of

affairs, and a sort of consciousness that they were not, after all, so bad as they might be. On this presumption, a kind of grand speech was made to the Throne, after which, the squire said *Amen*, very sharp and loud, and took his seat with an air of complacency.

The character of my grandfather's prayers, I now remember, was that of a winning tenderness; but always calm and collected. His hair-lip gave an intonation to his words, that made his prayers seem wholly different from any others, and it was seldom that he closed, without being suffused with tears. A happier man never lived, but in this respect he was easily discomposed: slight things brought tears to his eyes.

After the meeting was over, I rode home with him in that immensely wide one-horse wagon; so wide that one wheel always ran outside the track; and by this time I sometimes drove the old horse myself. He was so fat that it evidently pained him to trot, but occasionally we succeeded in getting him into that movement. But his habit of groaning about it completely blinded my grandfather, and the result was that after such a ride, the old bay had more oats than he could make way with for a week. Ah, the old, old days—the days of long ago. Good morning.

Z. P.

XXIV.

The Old Connecticut Sunday.

Up-Country, March, 1851.

Continuing my researches among those old days, those pleasant old days, I find myself standing on the east side of the house, one Sunday morning, sunning myself, and revolving in my mind, a few small items in regard to matters and things in general.

I had said *darn it*, or something equally profane, to the hired man; and being overheard, had been tied up for a little time, to a poplar that stood by the meadow fence. I was now free again, and having had my neck and ears scrubbed and rubbed till they were full of blood, the soft and quiet beauty of the day was beginning to exert its power over me. The being tied up I considered abominable, but it was all over now, and Sunday, even then, was a beautiful day to me.

So still was it, I could hear the bark of the squirrels

on the mountain over the river, and from the two mountains, east and west, the crows were cawing to each other, and occasionally crossing over, with a few short remarks on the way. About ten o'clock, a dust was seen down the road, and presently rattling by, with his horses on a long trot, went Captain Barny—who was so famous in prayer.

My father at that day was inflexibly severe in his judgments, and I sometimes thought his opinion of Captain Barny's driving was not very flattering to that ardent man. My father never said a word to that effect, but as he stopped shaving himself to see who was going by at such a jingling rate, and always finding it to be the Captain, he usually turned and looked at me with a kind of searching severity, as if to ease his mind of all responsibility in the matter; and perhaps to suggest very remotely the high impropriety of that proceeding. Presently up came Abel B., and his family, and not long afterward rolled by the coach of Uncle John. This was the only coach in the town. All others, with scarcely an exception, rode in open two-horse lumber wagons, with chairs and double seats mixed in together. The people I have mentioned, lived at a distance of three or four miles, and were obliged to start early to be sure and not get belated. We were within a mile and could

wait till nearer the hour of service. It would not do to wait long, however, and my father being always very prompt, we proceeded to lock up the house, and then, with the hired man to drive—my father sitting, with his arms folded, on one of the great double slat-bottomed chairs—we joined in the travel to the old Meeting-House. With a calm deliberation, the horses trotting gently on the level spots, we ascended the hill to Captain John M———'s, from which across the valley, could be seen the Meeting-House steeple rocking in the air, and that great bell swinging its black mouth to the north and the south, and now hanging for a moment keeled up in the air, down to come again with a shock and clang which rang miles and miles away, from one hill to another, and finally at a great distance, died slowly among the mountains.

Descending this hill with extreme care, and only easing the horses a little just at the foot, we drove on with some little spirit across the brook, and up the gentle ascent to the south door of the house. There were three great double doors, opening north, south, and east; and two ranges of windows, one above the other, so that the galleries were as light as the seats below. The immense building was full of aisles, running around the great square pews, which were four-sided, and had an open lattice-work at top.

My father went up and took a conspicuous seat in the Singers' Gallery. I have heard him say that the singers formerly filled the front seats in all the galleries, but that was not in my time. I sat with my mother in my grandfather's pew, from which, through the open door into the tower, I could see the bell-man pulling—and with how solemn a face—upon the rope which came down as from the sky itself, and sometimes lifted the man two or three feet in the air. How tremendous was all that to my boy-imagination—and the stairs winding and winding up that high tower—and the bats flying about in the dim light, and the smell of old timber rotting in the dark—tremendous it was, and tremendous it still is, in my memory.

And now from behind that immense pulpit, up rises the minister—unseen before—and lifting his hands, says, *Let us pray.* In the same moment rise here and there, about the great house, old and young, men, women, and children, and looking to all points of the compass, take various postures of prayer. Some stand erect, with arms folded, and a kind of look of defiance. Some lean upon the top of the pews; some ease themselves by resting one foot upon the seat; and some do not rise, but endeavor to find some posture in sitting, that is suitable for the occasion. Among the latter is

Aunt Patty, who sits and rocks herself to and fro; and with a half smile upon her face, and tears in her eyes, looks around occasionally upon the congregation, and again rocks herself into the highest devotion.

As the minister says *Amen*, Aunt Patty takes a long breath, and every body coughs and makes as much noise as is possibly consistent with the occasion. The psalm or hymn is then given, omitting always the third and fourth verses; and my father blows gently in a little cedar pitch-pipe, and catching the note, he sounds the key for the treble, tenor, and bass. The headman at the bass echoes him slightly, and then all the singers, coughing a little, rise and *sound*, and start upon their travels. The singing, as I remember it, was spirited and pretty exact—the treble getting sometimes a half-note too high—young girls were especially liable to this, which my father corrected by looking sharply in that direction, at the slight pauses between the verses. But *Moses and Aaron!* what a picture was that man at the *bass!* The man with the great bass-viol and the—the faces!

It was good singing, but did not seem to go to the heart of the matter, as did my grandfather, with *Mear*, and my flute, and Aunt Patty to put in the poetry.

I usually slept through the sermon, with my head

in my mother's lap; and, at noon, we went over to Deacon M——'s, and ate dough-nuts; and rarely, but at times, I got away into a famous orchard where, in their season, were delicious apples. Others grouped about the doors, discussing small matters in a low tone, and eating fennel and caraway seed.

At one o'clock, the big bell rang again, faster than usual, and every body entered and took their seats with an expression of ease and spirit that was entirely peculiar to the afternoon service. Young men looked about in a smart and knowing way, and compared trousers and shirt-buttons, or used a penknife in a shy and very elegant manner; while the young girls,—only for the young men and that it was Sunday—seemed quite ready to fly up into the very heavens.

A few people would be seen in the afternoon, who were not there in the morning: they were mostly from remote and outlandish places, and had a shy air, as though they had been a long time in the woods.

In accordance with the spirit I have mentioned, the prayers and the singing were sensibly enlivened in the afternoon, and if possible, a set-piece or anthem, was sung. If, however, the occasion was one of solemnity, a hymn was given out "to close with the doxology:" upon which the whole congregation rose, and my heart

would suddenly begin pounding, and my brain reel away with me, till I felt like shouting out at the top of my voice.

The afternoon service, especially in the hot summer days, seemed very long. Great statements were made and recapitulated, arguments entered into, and examined and re-examined, while all over the house the drowsy air was still and slumberous. The buzz of a blue-bottle fly on one of the windows, was heard distinctly through the whole building—wasps flew about here and there, and were struck at, cautiously, by people on the point of dozing. In this still time, a giggle might be heard from some boys in the south gallery, where the wasps are busiest, and immediately my father rises in his seat, and rapping smartly on his pitch-pipe, looks over at the culprits. My father stands for a moment, in this solemn manner, until the disturbance ceases; and the minister, after a slight pause in his sermon, travels on again, and after long turns and returns, closes the book slowly, and pronounces to all the house, *Amen!*

At this moment, a few hired men and others slip out quietly to the wagons, and in ten minutes the old house is deserted, and the people are seen hurrying away in all directions. Wagons come up to the doors with a smart crack of the whip,—in jump or climb the women and

children; and away they rattle. Every body hurries, because every body is hungry. Dough-nuts and caraway seed are a miserable substitute for dinner. By hurry, however, you are not to understand an indecent haste: by no means; but nobody loiters on the way.

I fear we are getting tiresome, Professor, and I will spare you the dinner. Moreover, I will spare you the Sunday-night scampering about the country. With all its peculiarities, it was to me a holy day: a solemn day. It was the Old Connecticut Sabbath! There never was any thing like it before, and there never will be. It has gone by. It is of the Past. Already the Old House is torn down, and a new church is built in the latest style with slips and an organ!

It has gone by.

Yours, Z. P.

XXV.

Visit to Lady M. on the Mountain.

Pundison House, March, 1851.

The whole affair of the dinner at Lady Miriam's was so unusual, that I suppose, sir, you will expect to hear of it.

The invitation was to a family dinner at 3 o'clock, on Thursday; to which my father sent the following reply:

Dear Madam:

We will come. We shall leave Pundison House at twelve, or say half-past, by the meridian mark, and arrive in the big wagon at 2 P. M.

In great haste,

Af————————ly,

W. P.

☞ Keen and Cold, Thursday, 1.45.
Therm. 6 below: wind N. W.

The "af————ly" in the above note was a slip of the pen, of which I am sure my father was wholly unconscious. It is his way in writing to his children, and certainly there was no harm in so subscribing himself to the Lady M., but I think it would annoy him somewhat to know that he had done it.

On Thursday, therefore, say twelve to half-past, by the clock and the meridian mark, we started for the mountain. We rode in the farm-wagon, behind the old bays. Johnny drove, and sat with my father. We had three double chairs, and as Kate was desirous of going, we locked up the house, buried the fires, and put a kitchen chair in the tail of the wagon for Kate. In this way we started, but finding the roads exceedingly broken, my father made a halt at Captain Dander's, and sent Johnny back for Bob and the old brown mare, with a tandem harness.

Thus equipped, and with Bob to ride the mare, we started again, and went off with considerable spirit. The brown mare is perhaps the most remarkable horse to dig and pull on a lead that you ever saw; and with Bob on her back (she being partial to Bob), would have taken us up alone.

We got on very well, except that in rough spots, Kate's chair was found to travel about and tip, this way

and that, in a very frightful manner, and finally, after a few small screams from the women in that end of the wagon, we made another halt, and Bob bethought himself of tying the chair fast, which was accordingly done by turning it back foremost, and lashing it to the great double-chair that was next to it, back to back. In this way Kate had only a rear view of things, but she travelled safe.

The morning being bright and spring-like, the feeling of being embarked in a considerable enterprise, was now plainly perceptible; and as we rattled down to the river, and the brown mare broke into a short canter (Bob's doings, no doubt), every body talked and looked quantities of happiness. Nobody could hear what any one said, such was the rattle and the jar,—but it didn't seem to make much difference with the enjoyment. My father got quite red in the face, calling to Bob to hold in the brown mare, but Bob heard nothing but the roar of the river—so he said afterwards—so on we went and made the bridge in very grand style; so grand, in fact, that the whole fabric quivered and quaked as we thundered on. At this juncture, my father cried out in a voice of thunder,—"*Whoh!*" and half-way over the Shag-Bark we came to another halt. The wheel-horses braced back; and the brown mare pulled ahead, but

was obliged to stop. The stopping was to let T., Joy and Kate alight, as we were now at the foot of the mountain, and they had decided to walk. Johnny got out also, and let down the hold-back,—a long iron bar projecting from the hind axletree—a sort of after-thought and very excellent in going up steep mountains. My father drove, and Tidy came over and sat with me: while my father, as we ascended, and arose gradually from one plateau to another, pointed out the views in the landscape beneath us: places of historical interest, we may say, where important events occurred, years and years ago. At every few rods, in places designed for that purpose, we halted, and breathed the horses; my father on each occasion saying *Whoh!* with a firm emphasis which implied implicit obedience. This, he is in the habit of saying, is a matter of importance; especially with horses that are balky. The only way to deal with them, sir, is to be *prompt.*

The road, I don't hesitate to say, was abominable, but the horses were true, the brown mare was a host of herself, and if the pull at any time was getting too much, my father said *whoh* in advance, and stopped preremptorily. We could depend, you observe, upon the after-thought even in the steepest places. The dogs had started from home full of barks, but now came

on behind, with tongues lolling and bedraggled tails. The affair was unusual. Some distance in advance, T. and Joy were laughing and singing to themselves, but nearly out of breath. When we came to the big chestnut, by the brook, they were all willing to ride again.

Driving through the brook to let the horses drink, we now went on at a better pace. The road entered the woods here, and it became twilight; although the sun was in full blaze on the meridian. There was an occasional descent in the rise (an invariable law, I believe, in all aspirations) where it seemed like going down cellar: so dark and dingy was it, and such a smell of old timber and moss. About 2 o'clock we emerged, and crossing the brook where the air was rich with mint, behold at the south, standing high and white in the morning sun, amid groups of maples, was the house—say mansion rather—of Lady Miriam. Who would expect after such an ascent, and such pilings of rocks and dead trees, to arrive at last among beautiful meadows, and orchards, and clumps of elms and old oaks? But here they were: only at this time, the meadows were brown and the orchards bare.

Lady Miriam came down to the gate, and received us with her usual happy manner; and immediately asked

my father if he was very well. My father looked at her very intently for some moments, and smiled, but made no reply, and still keeping his seat,—looked about over the meadows; while the Lady M. stood talking, and the young people had alighted, and were on their way up to the great north piazza. The dogs having waded through the brook, had refreshed themselves, and now came up and made lively jumps at the wagon-box, but to no purpose. The Lady Miriam asked my father if he was ready to alight; to which he replied that he was exceedingly well: "never better in my life, madam, but that boy,—Bob,—has annoyed me somewhat: I never suffer the brown mare to canter in harness: nothing can be more vicious: but I am extraordinarily well. I weighed myself this morning, and I stand at one hundred and eighty, and a shade over; my weight, madam, has not varied five pounds in more than forty years;"—and looking about on the meadows, he inquired of Lady M., if her cattle were stall-fed.

After several invitations to descend, my father came down from his comfortable seat, and we entered the great square parlor. The windows of that room look north and east, and away across the valley, over dozens of mountain ridges that rise like winrows in the distance.

I give you welcome, said the Lady M., to my mountain home, and may you all be as happy as I am.

Upon this, all the lady-lips flew up again, and kissed and were kissed, over and over, while my father and myself uncovered our heads and bowed half way to the ground.

This formality being over, we were free, now, of the whole house: to go where we pleased, and be every way unaccountable till 3 o'clock. My father took the opportunity to examine the Lady M.'s thermometer, with a view to have the weather settled and decided for the day. By and by, when the great bell rang for dinner—a bell which hangs in a kind of tower, at the S. W. corner of the house,—T. and Joy were found strolling about the great barn-yard, their hair full of dust from a fanning mill which was going at a lively rate on the barn-floor: I, myself, was taking some observations of the ice on the pond; Tidy was looking down the valley at Pundison House with the great telescope; and my father having compared his watch with the bell, was inquiring of the Lady M. if she had a meridian mark.

Dinner was served in the great dining-room, on the south side of the house. After saying grace, my father folded his arms, and waited for whatever might happen. The old butler stood behind the Lady Miriam, and im-

mediately removed the chief dishes to a side-table whence he returned them nicely carved. Considering that we were pretty sharp-set, the dinner was served with quite as much deliberation as was agreeable. None of the Lady M.'s nice things were spared that day. As far as she knew individual tastes, she had provided for them.

My father unfolded his arms after a while, and proceeded to dine. He is in the habit of saying often at home, that he does not eat because he is hungry, or that he does not eat such a dish because he likes it, but because it is best for him. It sometimes seems rather a disappointment to him, if he cannot make one or the other of the above remarks; but on this occasion, he evidently dodged any allusion to them. He *was* hungry, and he doubtless did eat because things relished.

Before dinner was quite over, the sky suddenly became overcast, and shutters were heard swinging violently in distant chambers. All the valley below grew quickly dark and indistinct, and the wind here and there set up a low piercing whistle, rising occasionally like the cry of some one in distress. A storm was upon us! When we returned to the parlor, the air was crazy with the fast-falling snow, carrying the flakes past, in great sheets, like the tails of wild horses straight out

upon the wind. My father looked at the thermometer, and pronounced it 6 below. A great change.

Of course to descend the mountain in such a storm would be madness. Our only course was to stay over night, and then, perhaps, return in Lady M.'s lumber sleigh. No one seemed very unhappy at the necessity of staying, and it was a great satisfaction now, that we had buried the fires so carefully, and left things in such order at Pundison House. Some things were to be done, however, and Bob was sent down on the brown mare, almost suffocated with blankets and neck-tyers.

Be careful of the mare, said my father, and have her well blanketed, and look well to Tib: carry her at least three pails of water; and be careful, sir, how you make fires in the house. Do you hear me? I say, be caref—. But by this time, Bob and the brown mare were lost in the storm.

Tea was served soon after Bob was despatched, and the evening almost flew away while we were thinking what to do with it. Talk and laugh mingled incessantly, and great wonderments were made in the pauses, about the storm. Inquiries were made of my father, if he had ever known such a storm before, at this season, —to which he replied, that he remembered one just such storm, but it was more than forty years ago.

The house being so high, great expectations were had of Northern Lights, in case the sky cleared in time, but of this there was little hope.

At 9 o'clock the great bell rang again, and we went in to prayers, in the octagon room under the belfry. There was gathered already the household of the lady, who read the prayers herself, as is her daily custom,—while all knelt, save my father, who sat in a big chair with his arms folded, and said *Amen*, in a low voice, at the close of each prayer. Such is the shrinking delicacy with which my father treats all religious manifestations, he would scarcely have said the amen, if he had supposed it audible to any other than Him who knoweth and heareth all things. It was rather a whisper than a distinctly pronounced *Amen!*

After prayers, we looked up the thermometer again, and found the quicksilver at 10. Fires were accordingly made in the bed-rooms, and as the day had been so extraordinary, all retired early, save Lady M. and myself, who sat in the parlor, watching the storm and discussing, slowly, various matters connected with other days and other lands; southern climates as compared with ours, and such like contrasting topics.

It was nearly 12 o'clock, and the house was very still, when my father appeared at the parlor door, with

a lighted candle in one hand, his hat on, but barefooted and otherwise lightly clad,—and asked the Lady M. what time we should breakfast. Receiving the information in an abstracted way, as though sleep-walking, he stepped out on the piazza, took one more look at the thermometer, and immediately retired.

The habit of going about in this way, in strange houses, as also in hotels, is one of which my father is probably unconscious, and arises from his nightly custom at Pundison House, of looking at the weather, just before retiring: his way being to wait until he is partially undressed before he makes his observations. How this barefoot and otherwise-windy exposure is to be made consistent with the extreme care which he manifests in stepping with his heavy boots on ground that is only slightly damp, is known only to himself.

By midnight we were all stowed away, and the storm was sighing itself into a state of rest. There were no Northern Lights, but the stars, as I looked out for a moment, before I gave way to sleep, were bright and sparkling.

Do you see any Northern Lights? said T. No, said I, but I see the heavens, and very much, I suspect, as God made them in the day of their creation. Good night, little T. Good night, Zarry. And so ended

our day on the mountain: one we shall not soon forget.

We returned the next morning, in the great sleigh, with two strings of bells, and went jingling past Capt. Dander's, in magnificent style. As we drove into the yard at Pundison House, the horses were on a long trot, continually doing a little and a little more—my father crying *whoh* to no purpose, apparently, except to excite them to a livelier motion. I remember the time when my father drove like a whirlwind, but now he says, *drive slow; drive slow.* And as we get on in life, we are all more inclined,—are we not, Professor?—to say —*drive slow.*

But slow or fast, we are now, as the engineers say, at the place of beginning. Good morning, sir, and addio,

Z. P.

XXVI.

Drive Slow.

March, '51, Up-Country.

My father was right. I have driven too fast.

And oh, that some angel, in the days gone by, had continually written in letters of fire between me and this our dashing world,—in all times of peril, in by-ways and in dark places,—those words of wisdom, *drive slow, drive slow.*

For now,—we must go on;—at whatever rate, we must drive on: and there is no rest,—no rest,—though we go to wreck and ruin, as crumbling bones and bewildered head attest. In short, Professor, we are coming to a break up.

The outriders are about: outriders of the long nights,—the nights to come: nights of watching and trouble; among the mountains,—the dark mountains: among the strange faces, and doings still more strange: nights

to which the morning is a hymn of joy and thanksgiving.

And beyond—is Death. Over the way there,—and not far,—death. Him, with God's help, we can meet, but I like not this company.

Forerunners of evil—officious messengers,—*Vanish!*

I say this with some dignity, but in a moment they are here again; and oh so busy, busy, busy—and forever in that continual mutter and sneeze.

You will think, perhaps, I am outlining imaginary things. Would that I could give you just the outlines. It would satisfy you for a lifetime, even if you had been born in the Hartz Mountains. Frank knows them well, but he is away over the blue water.

They are about me, by times, all day—these imaginary (?) voices, but at night they come in crowds.

It is now approaching the midnight, and I am alone, writing here with pen, ink and paper. This, I suppose, is fact. I am a fact, also. I *see* myself, the paper and pen, the fire now in its ashes, the empty chairs which our gentle-people left an hour ago for their rooms above; and to any one else the room would *seem* solemn and still as the grave. *It is not.* Solemn enough it is,—but full of people. I could see them with slight effort, but am careful to make no experiments. I have tried

that in times past: it was unpleasant. It is enough to hear them, as I do now,—not in some distant chamber, but here at my elbow,—within the sweep of my arm,—muttering and complaining always in low sad tones, but all about what, no man knoweth this side the grave. Long, long discussions, broken with sudden starts and pauses, exclamations, whistlings, and coughings especially: but mainly it is a low grumbling monotone from very unhappy people apparently, who can't be satisfied, and are continually questioning and questioning, and again questioning, and objecting for ever and for ever to all propositions of peace.

I turn round in my chair (they are always on my left) and say to them, mentally,—"Will you *please* stop for a few moments, will you have the kindness to be—quiet, say for five minutes, (only 5 minutes) while I finish this letter?" I do this in the gentlest manner, but—

"No—no—can't stop—can't—can't—can't,—*don't know how*—no—no—can't stop."

I rise, and thunder—GET OUT! SCATTER!

This frightens them some (they are afraid of me as death—there's comfort in that)—but in a moment they are here again.

Question. *Why* do they come to me? Professor,

man of science, star-gazer, why? and why do they come to *me*? I can't help them. Let them speak out, and above board, but these hints.—

I shudder to think, however, that if they should speak plainly, intelligibly, I should inevitably reply: and this, carried on to any extent, would be—what? Speak it out, Professor, speak it out—no hints from you, my fast friend,—it would be? —— madness!

This, however, I do not apprehend: for I know them of old. They are forerunners of the long nights, beyond which, as I said, is death. But let them come. I have driven too fast, and must pay the reckoning. One word of beauty kills them, as to any harm they can do me: that is to say— Addio! Addio! Z. P.

Spring.

I.

Spring.

Up-Country, April, 1851.

The time of the singing of birds has come, and now, my old friend, we open windows again, and say little prayers of thanksgiving all day, that at last the winter is over.

Is it Spring with you, Professor? Do you wake at the first blush of day? Do you get up with a song in your mouth? I grieve to say, that with me there is still a lingering of winter. I stop not to inquire into it. It is not well, sir; at least it is not wise,—as we grow older,—to criticise too sharply our short-comings of spirit. I do not thank any one to explain to me, with exact science, the cause of an added wrinkle, or of one more group of gray hairs on my temples. Let us not examine too nicely into particulars.

I have, of late, two letters from Frank, which in

some remote way, may have given the wintry tone to these spring days,—for the air is soft as April ever sends to us. Perhaps it is this.

You will see, by these letters, that Frank is trying to put a pleasant face upon the change that is coming upon him: the spring,—the summer that is before him. A summer that will be far away from us, my old friend, and no winter to track it with desolation.

Yours, Z. P.

LETTER FROM FRANK BRYARS.

Place De Rivoli,
March '61.

DEAR PUN.:

Did you ever look on Connecticut River and the valley from Mount Holyoke? This perched-up place makes me think of it. We are five stairs up, and from this height look plump down upon the flower gardens of the Tuileries. The plots remind me of that checker-work in the Connecticut Valley.

We have the funniest little rooms, with each one bed, one door, one chair, one window opening to one balcony; and one air of—comfort not so much as—propriety and taste; and peculiar all to this light-hearted city.

We are getting systematic, and are already in routine. Every morning, as soon as possible after the sun comes in at my window, I spring out and make my way up the Rue Richelieu, to the London Tavern, to breakfast. I go there to get a good cup of tea and beefsteak *à l'Anglaise.* Then, a little to the left, I come down through by the Palais Royal, and climbing up to this perch, am ready for the day. Fanny, by this time, has breakfasted by herself, and is perhaps gone to church. In this case, I sally out into St. Honoré, and meet the child somewhere up by Place Vendome, where we hire a cabriolet and start upon our travels over this strange city. This occupies us till about 5 o'clock, when we are set down at Numero 3 in this little Place, and go up to the Palais Royal to dine. There, in the Orleans Gallery, we find a range of rooms looking down upon the court, where every day a little table seems to be kept for us, for it is always vacant, though the room is usually pretty full by this hour. It is a kind of home to us, and becoming more so, every day. At dinner I have been tempted into a small bottle of *Beaune,* and as Fanny is rather partial to it also, I order now two half-bottles. If, after dinner and wine, I step into a Café, after leaving Fanny at our door, and sip away ten minutes more, in a cup of *cafe-au-lait,* I seem to be

built up into a tower of strength, sufficient for all possible things. Fanny is not less brave, even without the coffee.

The very day we arrived here, we dined in this same way, and for wine we drank this same precious Burgundy. As we returned under the Arcade to *Meurice's*, where we were then staying, Fanny began to get some appreciation of this wonderful place. "Well," said she, looking rather queer out of her eyes, "there certainly *is* something in this Paris that is *very* pleasant. Dear Frank, don't you think so? They all have such a happy way of doing every thing; and they make every body so happy—so—one can hardly say what—*Je ne sais quoi*, you know,—but, my dear brother, don't you think so?"

As I was slightly boozed myself, I gave, you may suppose, a rapturous assent to all the charming Fanny had to say; so that when we mounted into our parlor, and started our pine-cones, and got our two sticks of wood blazing, we were as happy—as Burgundy could make us.

But the next day, came the shock of a Parisian Sunday. It was terrible. Think of meeting a hundred thousand crazy people in a great square, and all singing (or as many as had throats to sing with) their *mourir*

pour la patrie, and whatever other hi-diddle-diddle, and diddle-de-dee!

If life were all one holiday, and this kind of fun and sport were the best that could be made of it, one would like to live in Paris.

We have already looked about a little. That famous *Père La Chaise* is to me simply detestable. The spot is beautiful enough, overlooking, as it does, the whole city; but the little streets and chapels and immortels are in such children's taste, that a *man*, one would say, would not care to lie there.

Ah well: I must soon make my bed in some such place, and I suppose it will not matter much what kind of foolery may be going on overhead. Good-bye, Pun. Look for us now pretty soon. Paris is to that smoky and foggy London, as light is to darkness, and one cannot but look up here, and step somewhat elate; but I know a land, and a smartish kind of a town on a far-off shore, that are brighter even than this delectable city. Oh, never believe, my people, that there ever was or ever will be, a country or a sky like Uncle Sam's! I think of you (from these dead countries) as living in continual sunshine and glory: alive and awake, to some purpose.

For a few days now, Fanny and I have yet to look

in at their famous galleries: to fill our places, and empty our *demi-boutelles*, in the Palais Royal, and then—and then—Westward Ho! Westward Ho!

Yours,

FRANK BRYARS.

From the second letter, which I also inclose, you will observe that he is now on his way home. There came with this a note to Tidy, since which the child has scarcely smiled. She goes about the house as in a dream, looking at us so earnestly—that long, deep gaze—but with her thoughts evidently far away on the seas. Again and again, as she glides about through the rooms, she pauses at the south windows, and seems looking as for some one that she expects will surely come to-day.

It is hard that we cannot talk with her about Frank. The moment any thing is said, showing the least sympathy with her, she runs away, and for hours thereafter will have a look as of fear and bewilderment: a deep, wild look, almost as of madness. How strange is this, in one so gentle as our sister Tidy!

I give you the letter.

NUMERO 3, PLACE DE RIVOLI.

DEAR PUN,—We are coming at last. This letter will not travel much faster than shall we. I must tell

you, my old friend,—I am breaking up. Aye, sir, the story is about told. Blessed be Heaven, I hope to get me once more over the blue Atlantic, and so look once again upon your faces, before I die. This Paris is not the place for me. I fear me, I could not die peaceably in this city of all abominations. I must see you all again, and hear once more those saucy blackbirds; and then if God so wills it, let me go. I have carried this body about the world long enough, perhaps. It is of late rather a burden to me. I shall not be unwilling, I hope, to look in (ah Pun, what an hour will that be!) to look in upon that upper life—to be lost in the beauty and glory of that new world. Christ have mercy upon us, and prepare us for that hour. Good-bye, my old friend, good-bye, good-bye.

FRANK BRYARS.

II.

Frank's Arrival and Good-Bye.

Pundison House, April, 1851.

I SEND you, sir, but a brief line. Frank is home again; but as he himself intimated in his last letter, he will make but a short stay with us. He is about to start now on a longer journey: a wider range of travel. He is changed in face and figure, and walks with difficulty. but he has his wish,—to see us once more, and to hear his blackbirds sing: and soon now, some pleasant morning, he will have gone on. You will understand from this, sir, why I have not written of late, and why I cannot now. My days and nights are given to Frank. Changed as he is, it is not very sad to look upon him, because one can see from the calmness and steadiness of his eye, and the joy that is in it, that he is going on a pleasant journey. I would not detain him, even for a day.

Tidy left us the morning that Frank arrived at his house. All her shyness vanished at once. She told us that she was going to stay with him for the rest of his days. It was to be her home. Knowing when he was to arrive, she went up to the house, and received him at his own threshold. Calm and happy, and self-possessed, all her late bewilderment is over. Hour after hour she sits by his bedside, holding his thin white hand, but I see no tears now. Her face is radiant of peace. Her step light, but elate and almost commanding, and her manner at times, so high and rapt, as though she was standing at heaven's gates, and with gentle force delaying for a little, the opening of those doors that lead into the world of light. All this, in so mere a child, is new and wonderful to us,—almost beyond belief.

I send you some lines, which were found on Frank's table, a day or two since.

They are written in a curious verse, probably of his own construction. He seems to have amused himself somewhat, in packing his thought in this hard form; and occasionally, as you will observe, he reverses the form, making something like the figure of a vase—a sort of urn, in which to leave the ashes of his Good-Bye.

GOOD-BYE.

All the long night in pain,
Waking or tossing:
Dreaming the same dream again;
The same wild heath, crossing and re-crossing:

Or sitting sometimes by a tropic sea,
Where the shoreward breeze comes soft;
While like destiny,
The storm-cloud sits aloft.

Then sweep o'er creation
—Trembling as a child—
Ruin and Desolation:
The deep low thunders, and red lightnings wild.

For always there must be
Confusion, after
Any rest or peace for me:
Even in dreams, tears must follow laughter.

Waking, I find my cold hands press'd around
My burning temples. Again
I feel and hear the sound,
—The blood-beat,—in the brain.

This is not madness quite; for still I know
And somewhat guide it ever:
This dreamer of woe,
Wandering on for ever!

Thank God, these nerves must rust!
And perchance this brain
And bundle of bones be dust,—
Ere yet the maple put forth buds again.

For is there not a higher life—not here—
Where Hope is not track'd ever
By its shadow,—Fear,—
As Night tracks Day for ever?

Let the sweet Morning say: for, crimsoned o'er,
All so fair it is, and bright,
As if nevermore,
Would come again the Night.

Gently the maple waves its arms about,
In the warm air: comes the Day
Gladly! like that shout,
Of children at their play.

Let us sit here, dear one, beneath this tree,
And talk of that blessed home,
Whither we journey:
That peaceful life to come.

Oh say that we shall meet again, if now
This quick pulse must cease to play,
And this fevered brow
From sight be laid away.

Say not that I shall live: but in Life's Noon,
Bid me God speed on my way:
Then follow thou soon;
Oh stay not long away.

Read to me from The Book,
And calm thy spirit there:
I would see again the look,
Thy sweet face ever weareth, after prayer.

So look on that last day,
When the golden bowl
Shall be broken; and decay
Shall claim these earth-soiled garments from my soul.

And I will think an angel from on high,
Has come down to go with me
To that bright country,
Over the lone, wild sea,—

Where is no trouble more:
Where all pain shall cease;
On that calm and peaceful shore,
Where dwelleth God and His Angels,—Rest and Peace.

III.

His Departure.

Tidy, my child, is it so? Is he dead?

She gives me no answer; but her heart is throbbing fearfully, and her lips move, but what it is I do not hear.

Yes, he is dead. Frank Bryars is dead.

Do you hear this, my friend,—my star-gazer,—my royal Professor? Dead! Do you understand this?

Ah, no,—it is nothing to you. He is not dead to you. He is dead, however.

Tell me again, my sister,—is he gone? Ah, that word. To be dead,—doubtless that is very bad: but *gone!*

"No," she says, "he is not gone, and he looks as though he were only sleeping."

He is not gone, that is something. Dead! It is

difficult. I do not understand it. Doubtless he is dead, but then ———

——— Who is it speaks to me? Some one is calling to me.

Oh forgive me, thou blue heaven—forgive me, MY FATHER. He is not dead—he lives for ever!

IV.

The Morning After.

The Parlor in Frank's House.

It is the break of day. Shafts of red are piercing the sky in the east, and T. and I are sitting by an open window, looking out upon all this calmness and beauty. I wonder now if our friend Frank is looking at this scene. Does he hear the blackbirds in the poplars? Does he see us sitting here by his dead body?

With this, his dead body, we have been up all through the cool, dewy night: T., with her head in my lap, half-sleeping, and whispering in her sleep.

How short the night was! but how long the few days seem to me since I wrote you of our friend's arrival home. It is only a few weeks, and now he is gone again, but has left us this pale likeness. There is nothing sad about his departure but this: all else is only beautiful. But this form in which God permitted him

to appear to us, must now be put away. So apt as it was, and so identified with Frank himself—all that we know of the man whom we called Frank Bryars,—it is hard to throw it away; to hide it in the ground. This is hard.

But the morning goes up into the heavens; the crimson lines fade, and the silver glory of day is over all. We will go now, and leave our friend in his white robes, until another morning.

V.

The Funeral.

Pundison House, April 1851.

THROUGH all the heavens, this day has been bright and royal. To those who could so receive it, it has been a happy day. To me it has been a sad one. It is strange that I should still linger over it: still wish to give you its history; its painful detail.

In the early morning, a soft wind came up from the south, and went playing about, here and there, in a gentle manner, but all its tones seemed sad and mournful. I do not know that they were so, but so they seemed to me. The garden and the meadow were gay with birds, but they, too, seemed only to be repeating to each other some sad strain.

The funeral was at 10 o'clock. By that time the old house was full of people, as also was the east piazza; and groups of a half dozen or more, stood here

and there, in the front yard, within hearing of the services. On each side of the way, for a quarter of a mile, stood the plain country wagons that had brought the people there. Wagons with common kitchen chairs, and some with only boards, covered with Buffalo robes; and occasionally was seen a one-horse wagon; or the old-fashioned chaise.

T. and Joy went up with me, and went into the parlor. My father seated himself in a large chair on the piazza, and Little Gem and myself sat down on one of the piazza steps. I did not care to go in, and I think Little Gem did not. She was very still and calm betimes, and then suddenly would seat herself in my lap, and begin to sob, as with a feeling of exhaustion that was almost death itself. Then stopping again, she would step out into the young grass, and getting a few blades, would return and look at them, and weave them into braids for me to examine.

My father sat very straight in his chair, looking out upon the meadows, and upon his countenance appeared a light as from some other clime.

A hymn was given out, and the words and air being well known to all the people, very many both within and without, joined in it. The windows were all open, and the voices were as one. My father still gazed down upon the meadows.

A chapter was read from the Bible, and the clear low tone of the minister sounded very kindly in the still air. After a few remarks proper for the occasion, a prayer for the living, over the dead, rose in the quiet morning, and went up into Heaven. How still it was! The sobbing of the women, the checked cry of anguish, and the chirp of the birds in the garden,—how distinct were they all!

And now the coffin was brought out; friends took their last look; and the procession started slowly for the grave. There were few that did not go up to the burial-ground. Almost all joined in the long line, covering a distance of more than half a mile in extent. We rode up in the farm wagon, my father and myself sitting together. The Lady Miriam and the old butler rode their horses, side by side. The grave levels all ranks. The Lady Miriam sat erect and stately, and, like my father, seemed gazing into the distance, as into some other world. In my lap rode Little Gem, still sobbing by turns, and braiding her grasses. Soon after the procession started, the great bell in the old meeting-house, nearly a mile distant, began to toll, and as we approached slowly,—our horses walking,—sounded louder and louder, until, as we passed, it became fainter again, till, winding about among the hills, it died entirely away.

As we passed the old House, Little Gem busied herself for a short time, looking up at the bell-man, as he leaned over the railing for a moment, to see the great procession go by. How little he looked up there, but how terrible was that heavy sound. There was heard only this toll, and the cough and wheeze of the horses, here and there, in the long procession; and the slow rumble of the wagons, or the jingle of traces in some short descent, where the horses broke into a slow trot. On—on—on: so slowly, oh, so slowly! and that heavy toll!

Looking from a high hill, I could see away beyond the foot of it, and up the opposite hill-side, and for a long distance on the plain. So slowly, oh, so slowly! Will it never be over? that my friend can rest: that he may sleep? Will they never go away, these people, that he may take his rest?

At last, the ancient burial-ground is reached. The grave is found, and down into its depths, this, the dust of my friend Frank, is slowly lowered. A little straw is thrown upon his coffin,—earth is given to earth, dust to dust; and while all the people raise their hats, the minister offers a prayer, and turning to the neighbors, thanks them in the name of his friends, for coming to "help bury the dead out of their sight."

And so it is over. The body in which dwelt our friend Frank, is buried and laid away, six feet down in the ground. Thank God it is well done. Thank God it is over. This flesh and blood will trouble him no more. No more wild dreams, my friend: no more aches and pains and small frettings of life. No more,—no more!

VI.

Addio.

Pundison House, Up-Country,
May, 1851.

We are going down to the sea-side, my old friend, and if you come north, I beg you to find us out. My father has got all his garden seeds planted, and is not unwilling to leave home for awhile.

He will stay in the city, while we go to the beach. Fanny is going up to stay with the Lady Miriam. It will be very pleasant on the mountain; and I sometimes think I will build a house there myself.

You will not expect to hear from me often now. In fact, I cannot say, sir, when I may take up this correspondence again. But write me all the same, and as usual, tell me pleasant things. My hand is heavy now; and my brain feels light and clouded. I will go and

talk to the surf as it dashes on —— beach, and some day, God willing, perhaps, we will talk again of our up-country affairs.

But now, Farewell,

Z. PUNDISON.

Professor B., National Observatory, Washington.

THE END.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

APPLETON'S Library Manual. 8vo. Half bound, $1 25.

——— Southern and Western Traveller's Guide. With colored Maps. 18mo. $1.

——— Northern and Eastern Traveller's Guide. Twenty-four Maps. 18mo. $1 25.

——— New and Complete United States Guide-Book for Travellers. Numerous Maps. 18mo. $2.

——— New-York City and Vicinity Guide. Maps. 38 cts.

——— New-York City Map, for Pocket. 12 cts.

AGNELL'S Book of Chess. A complete Guide to the Game. With Illustrations by R. W. Weir. 12mo. $1 25.

ANDERSON, WM. Practical Mercantile Correspondence. 12mo. $1.

ARNOLD, Dr. Miscellaneous Works. 8vo. $2.

——— History of Rome. New Edition. 1 vol., 8vo. $3.

——— History of the Later Roman Commonwealth. 8vo. $2 50.

——— Lectures on Modern History. Edited by Prof. Reed. $1 25.

——— Life and Correspondence. By the Rev. A. P. Stanley. 2d Edition. 8vo. $2.

AMELIA'S Poems. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth, $1 25; gilt edges, $1 50.

ANSTED'S Gold-Seeker's Manual. 12mo. Paper, 25 cts.

BOWEN, E. United States Post-Office Guide. Map. 8vo. Paper, $1; cloth, $1 25.

BROOKS' Four Months among the Gold-Finders in California. 25 cts.

BRYANT'S What I Saw in California. With Map. 12mo. $1 25.

BROWNELL'S Poems. 12mo. 75 c.

CALIFORNIA Guide-Book. Embracing Fremont and Emory's Travels in California. 8vo. Map. Paper, 50 cts.

CARLYLE'S Life of Frederick Schiller. 12mo. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.

CHAPMAN'S Instructions to Young Marksmen on the Improved American Rifle. 16mo. Illustrated. $1 25.

COOLEY, A. J. The Book of Useful Knowledge. Containing 6,000 Practical Receipts in all branches of Arts, Manufactures, and Trades. 8vo. Illustrated. $1 25.

COOLEY, J. E. The American in Egypt. 8vo. Illustrated. $2.

COIT, Dr. History of Puritanism. 12mo. $1.

CORNWALL, N. E. Music as It Was, and as It Is. 12mo. 63 cts.

COUSIN'S Course of Modern Philosophy. Translated by Wight. 2 Vols., 12mo. $3.

COGGESHALL'S Voyages to Various Parts of the World. Illus. $1 25.

DON QUIXOTTE DE LA MANCHA. With 18 Steel Engravings. 16mo. Cloth, $1 50.

EMORY'S Notes of Travels in California. 8vo. Paper, 25 cts.

ELLIS, Mrs. Women of England. 12mo. 50 cts.

——— Hearts and Homes; or Social Distinctions. A Story. Two Parts. 8vo. Paper, $1; cloth, $1 50.

EVELYN'S Life of Mrs. Godolphin. Edited by the Bishop of Oxford. 16mo. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 38 cts.

FAY, T. S. Ulric; or, The Voices. 12mo. 75 cts.

FOSTER'S Essays on Christian Morals. 18mo. 50 cts.

FREMONT'S Exploring Expedition to Oregon and California. 25 cts.

FROST, Prof. Travels in Africa. 12mo. Illustrated. $1.

FALKNER'S Farmer's Manual. 12mo. 50 cts.

GARLAND'S Life of John Randolph. 2 Vols., 12mo. Portraits, $2 50.

GILFILLAN, GEO. Gallery of Literary Portraits. Second Series. 12mo. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.

——— The Bards of the Bible. 12mo. Cloth, 50 cts.

GOLDSMITH'S Vicar of Wakefield. 12mo. Illustrated. 75 cts.

GOULD, E. S. "The Very Age." A Comedy. 18mo. Paper, 38 cts.

GRANT'S Memoirs of An American Lady. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cts.; paper, 50 cts.

GUIZOT'S Democracy in France. 12mo. Paper cover, 25 cts.

——— History of Civilization. 4 Vols. Cloth, $3 50.

——— History of the English Revolution of 1640. Cloth, $1 25.

HULL, Gen. Civil and Military Life. Edited by J. F. Clarke. 8vo. $2.

HOBSON. My Uncle Hobson and I. 12mo. 75 cts.

GOETHE'S IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. A Drama in Five Acts. From the German by G. J. Adler. 12mo. 75 cts.

KAVANAGH, JULIA. Women of Christianity, exemplary for Piety and Charity. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cts.

KENNY'S Manual of Chess. 18mo. 38 cents.

KOHLRAUSCH'S Complete History of Germany. 8vo. $1 50.

KIP'S Christmas Holidays at Rome. 12mo. $1.

LAMB, CHAS. Final Memorials. Edited by Talfourd. 12mo. 75 cts.

LAMARTINE'S Confidential Disclosures; or, Memoirs of My Youth. 50 c.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS—Continued.

LEE, E. B. Life of Jean Paul F. Richter. 12mo. $1 25.

LEGER'S History of Animal Magnetism. 12mo. $1.

LETTERS FROM THREE CONTINENTS. By R. M. Ward. 12mo. Cloth, $1.

LORD, W. W. Poems. 12mo. 75 c.

——— Christ in Hades. 12mo. 75 cts.

MACKINTOSH, M. J. Woman in America. Cloth, 62 cts.; paper, 38 cts.

MAHON'S (Lord) History of England. Edited by Prof. Reed. 2 Vols., 8vo. $4.

MICHELET'S History of France. 2 Vols., 8vo. $3 50.

——— Life of Martin Luther. 12mo. 75 cts.

——— History of Roman Republic. 12mo. $1.

——— The People. 12mo. Cloth, 63 cts.; paper, 38 cts.

MATTHEWS & YOUNG. Whist and Short Whist. 18mo. Cloth, gilt, 45 cts.

MILES on the Horse's Foot; How to Keep It Sound. 12mo. Cuts. 25 cts.

MILTON'S Paradise Lost. 38 cts.

MOORE, C. C. Life of George Castriot, King of Albania. 12mo. Cloth, $1.

NAPOLEON, Life of, from the French of Laurent de l'Ardeche. 2 Vols. in 1. 8vo. 500 Cuts. Im. mor., $3.

OATES, GEO. Tables of Sterling Exchange, from £1 to £10,000—from 1-8th of one per cent. to twelve and a half per cent., by eighths, etc., etc. 8vo. $3.

——— Interest Tables at 6 per cent. per Annum. 8vo. $2.

——— Abridged Edit. $1 25.

——— Interest Tables at 7 per cent. per Annum. 8vo. $2.

——— Abridged Edit. $1 25.

——— Sterling Interest Tables at 5 per cent. per Annum, from £1 to £10,000. 4to. $5.

O'CALLAGHAN'S History of New-York under the Dutch. 2 Vols. $5.

POWELL'S Living Authors of England. 12mo. $1.

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES; Its Duties, &c. 12mo. $1.

REID'S New English Dictionary, with Derivations. 12mo. $1.

RICHARDSON on Dogs. Their History, Treatment, &c. Cuts. 25 cts.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Only complete Edition. 300 Cuts. 8vo. $1 50.

ROWAN'S History of the French Revolution. 2 Vols. in 1. 63 cts.

SOYER'S Modern Domestic Cookery. 12mo. Paper cover, 75 cts.; bd., $1.

SCOTT'S Lady of the Lake. 38 cents.

SCOTT'S Marmion. 16mo. 37 cts.

——— Lay of the Last Minstrel. 25 cents.

SELECT Italian Comedies. Translated. 12mo. 75 cts.

SPRAGUE'S History of the Florida War. Map and Plates. 8vo. $2 50.

SHAKSPEARE'S Dramatic Works and Life. 1 Vol., 8vo. $2.

SOUTHEY'S Life of Oliver Cromwell. 18mo. Cloth, 38 cts.

STEWART'S Stable Economy. Edited by A. B. Allen. 12mo. Illustrated. $1

SOUTHGATE (Bishop). Visit to the Syrian Church. 12mo. $1.

SQUIER'S Nicaragua; Its People, Antiquities, &c. Maps and Plates. 2 Vols., 8vo. $5.

STEVENS' Campaigns of the Rio Grande and Mexico. 8vo. Paper, 38 cts.

SWETT, Dr. Treatise on the Diseases of the Chest. 8vo. $3.

TAYLOR, Gen. Anecdote Book, Letters, &c. 8vo. 25 cts.

TUCKERMAN'S Artist Life. Biographical Sketches of American Painters. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cts.

TAYLOR'S Manual of Ancient and Modern History. Edited by Prof. Henry. 8vo. Cloth, $2 25; sheep, $2 50.

THOMSON on the Food of Animals and Man. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 38 cts.

TYSON, J. L. Diary of a Physician in California. 8vo. Paper, 25 cts.

WAYLAND'S Recollections of Real Life in England. 18mo. 31 cts.

WILLIAMS' Isthmus of Tehuantepec; its Climate, Productions, &c. Maps and Plates. 2 Vols., 8vo. $3 50.

WOMAN'S Worth; or, Hints to Raise the Female Character. 18mo. 38 cts.

WARNER'S Rudimental Lessons in Music. 18mo. 50 cts.

WYNNE, J. Lives of Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of America. 12mo. Cloth, $1.

WORDSWORTH, W. The Prelude. An Autobiographical Poem. 12mo. Cloth, $1.

LAW BOOKS.

ANTHON'S Law Study; or, Guides to the Study of the Law. 8vo. $3.

HOLCOMBE'S Digest of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, from its commencement to the present time. Large 8vo. Law sheep, $6.

——— Supreme Court Leading Cases in Commercial Law. 8vo. $4.

——— Law of Debtor and Creditor in the United States and Canada. 8vo. $4.

SMITH'S Compendium of Mercantile Law. With large American additions by Holcombe and Gholson. 8vo. $4 50.

Novels, Tales, &c.

AGUILAR, G.—A MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE. 12mo., paper, 50c.; cloth, 75c.

———— WOMEN OF ISRAEL. Two vols. 12mo., paper, $1; cloth, $1 50c.

———— VALE OF CEDARS. 12mo., cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.

———— WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP, cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.

ADRIAN; OR, THE CLOUDS OF THE MIND. By G. P. R. James and M. B. Field. 12mo., cloth, $1.

CORBOULD'S HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF MARGARET CATCHPOLE. 8vo., 2 plates, paper cover, 25c.

DUMAS' MARGUERITE DE VALOIS. A Novel. 8vo., 25c.

DUPUY, A. E.—THE CONSPIRATOR. 12mo., cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.

ELLEN PARRY; OR, TRIALS OF THE HEART. 12mo., 63c.; paper, 38c.

ELLEN MIDDLETON. A Tale by Lady Fullerton. 12mo., paper, 50c.; cloth, 75c.

HEARTS UNVEILED; OR, "I KNEW YOU WOULD LIKE HIM." By Mrs. Saymore. 12mo., paper, 50c.; cloth, 75c.

HOME IS HOME; A DOMESTIC STORY. 12mo., paper, 50c.; cloth, 75c.

HELOISE; OR, THE UNREVEALED SECRET. By Talvi. 12mo., cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.

HOWITT, MARY.—THE HEIR OF WAST WAYLAND. 12mo., paper, 38c.; cloth, 50c.

IO; A TALE OF THE ANCIENT FANE. By Barton. 12mo., 75c.

JAMES MONTJOY; OR, I'VE BEEN THINKING. By A. S. Roe. Two Parts, paper, 75c.; cloth, $1.

LIFE'S DISCIPLINE.—A TALE OF THE ANNALS OF HUNGARY. By Talvi, author of "Heloise," &c. 12mo., paper, 38c.; cloth, 63c.

LOVER, SAMUEL.—HANDY ANDY. 8vo., paper cover, 60c.

———— L. S. D., TREASURE TROVE. 8vo., paper, 25c.

MARGARET CECIL; OR, "I CAN, BECAUSE I OUGHT." By Cousin Kate. 12mo., paper, 50c.; cloth, 75c.

McINTOSH, M. J.—TWO LIVES; OR, TO SEEM AND TO BE. 12mo., cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.

———— AUNT KITTY'S TALES. 12mo., cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.

———— CHARMS AND COUNTER CHARMS. Paper, 75c.; cloth, $1.

MAIDEN AUNT (The). A Story. By S. M. 12mo., paper, 50c.; cloth, 75c.

Novels, Tales, &c.—Continued.

MANZONI.—THE BETROTHED LOVERS. 2 vols.. 12mo., cloth, $1 50c.; paper, $1.

MARGARET MAITLAND; (Some Passages in the Life of). 12mo., paper, 50c.; cloth, 75c.

MAXWELL'S HILL-SIDE AND BORDER SKETCHES. 8vo., paper cover, reduced to 25c.

———— FORTUNES OF HECTOR O'HALLORAN. 8vo., paper cover, 50c.; 23 plates; boards, $1.

MORTON MONTAGUE; OR, YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S CHOICE. By C. B. Mortimer. 12mo., cloth, 75c.

NATHALIE. A Tale. By Julia Kavanagh, author of "Woman in France," "Madeleine," &c. 12mo., paper, 75c.; cloth, $1.

NORMAN LESLIE. A Tale. By G. C. H. 12mo., cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.

ROSE DOUGLAS; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER. By S. R. W. 12mo., paper, 50c.; cloth, 75c.

SEWELL, E. M.—THE EARL'S DAUGHTER. 12mo., cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.

———— AMY HERBERT. A Tale. 12mo., cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.

———— GERTRUDE. A Tale. 12mo., cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.

———— LANETON PARSONAGE. A Tale. 3 vols., 12mo., cloth, $2 25c.; paper, $1 50c.

———— MARGARET PERCIVAL. 2 vols., cloth, $1 50; paper cover, $1.

———— WALTER LORIMER, and other Tales. 12mo., illus., 75c.

———— JOURNAL OF A TOUR, For the Children of a Village School. In Three Parts, paper, each 25c.

SOUTHWORTH, E. D. E. N. THE DESERTED WIFE. A Novel. 8vo., paper, 38c.

———— SHANNONDALE. A Novel. 8vo., paper, 25c.

———— THE MOTHER-IN-LAW; OR, THE ISLE OF RAYS. A Novel. 8vo., paper, 38c.

TO LOVE AND TO BE LOVED. A Story. By A. S. Roe, Author of "James Montjoy," &c. 12mo., cloth, 63c.; paper, 38c.

USES (The) *OF SUNSHINE.* By S. M., Author of "The Maiden Aunt," &c. 12mo., paper, 50c.; cloth, 75c.

VILLAGE NOTARY. A Romance of Hungarian Life. Translated from the Hungarian of Eotvos. 8vo., paper, 25c.

ZSCHOKKE.—INCIDENTS OF SOCIAL LIFE. 12mo., cloth, $1.

PS2359
M26U7
1852